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THE RIVAL PROGRAMMES.

IF the political speeches of the week had yielded no other results of value, they would still have served an excellent purpose in sharply defining the positions of the two parties and strongly accentuating the difference between their respective appeals to the country. As between the parties themselves, indeed, the work of definition is practically complete; within the limits of one of them it has as promptly proved itself to be impossible. The condition of the Liberals at the present moment appears to us to be one of simple chaos. Mr. GLADSTONE's Manifesto, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's obvious if unavowed reply to it, gave the signal for confusion, and every Liberal or Radical speaker of any note who has since spoken has made that confusion worse confounded. Some of the doctors of the party seem to think that the too palpable gulf between its chief and his lieutenant ought to be at once bridged over by explaining away the latter's declarations; but even then a difficulty arises as to whether it is the chief or the lieutenant who is to be politely invited to step across. Others content themselves with simply repudiating Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's programme as inopportune and expressing a doubt whether insistence upon it ought not to exclude him from the shelter of the umbrella. Yet others pass it by in masterly silence; and, finally, Mr. COURTNEY, always original, is prepared to reject at least two points of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's programme, but is quite sure, as also is Sir CHARLES DILKE, that when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN made its adoption a condition of his re-entering a Liberal Cabinet, he did not for a moment mean that he would not re-enter a Liberal Cabinet which did not adopt it. As to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN himself, who usually knows what he does mean, he has hitherto refused to furnish any scholium to his own text, and is no doubt smiling in secret at the strife of commentators. It seems unlikely, however, that that unhappy gentleman, the Moderate Liberal, should in any measure share his amusement. After all, it is no laughing matter to find yourself within a few weeks of a general election in a state of absolute uncertainty as to the principles which you will be affirming and the designs which you will be furthering by recording your vote in favour of your party candidate; yet such at this moment is our unfortunate friend's condition of mind. He has been bidden to hope much from that all-healing eirenicon of Mr. GLADSTONE's; but, after all, there is not much comfort in an eirenicon which sets the battle going more merrily than ever. He might have gradually gained confidence, perhaps, if the Radicals had only sung a little smaller since their leader spoke; but it is, if anything, rather the other way with them. Mr. MORLEY, who plays "ancient" to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's lieutenant, says ditto to his immediate superior and (decorously of course) pooh-pooh to his commander-in-chief on the various points in dispute. Mr. MORLEY is not afraid of the Birmingham "readjustment" of taxation, nor of further saddling the Income-tax with the school pence, nor yet of distributing bits of compulsorily-seized land in such a way that "one or two or more" agricultural labourers in every village may suddenly be converted into a majority of their class. Sir CHARLES DILKE, again, has said the same thing, only in many more columns of the *Times*, and in much more audacious opposition to his chief. "I do not agree with Mr. GLADSTONE" here—"I cannot agree with Mr. GLADSTONE" there; it is really dreadful. And last of all cometh Professor BEESLY, to give

voice to the Moderate Liberal's suspicions of the Sacred Manifesto itself. Although, we are reminded, Mr. GLADSTONE did not express his readiness to attack these institutions (the House of Lords and the Church), yet the language of the Manifesto, says the Professor unctuously, "ought to fill all 'Liberals with hope.'" "Pretty to see," as PEPYS has it, a party filled with hope that their leader secretly intends to do something which he dares not avow; but the graceful expectation finds a despondent echo in the breast of the Moderate Liberal.

And perhaps there is not a great deal of reassurance to be gathered by them even from Mr. GOSCHEN's deliverances at Edinburgh. Mr. GOSCHEN is a man of high political ability and marked independence of judgment, and, except in that unfortunate little matter of Scotch Disestablishment, on which he was rather cruelly "heckled" at his last appearance, he is in the habit of forming his own opinions for himself, instead of procuring them ready-made. But unluckily Mr. GOSCHEN is also a living monument of the fact that high political ability and marked independence of character may be practically powerless to secure from modern Liberalism anything better than respectful but unvarying neglect for its counsels, and that the opinions which are the product of individual reflection and observation are quite incapable of competing, in the Parliamentary market at any rate, with the cheaper and more abundant article turned out by the Caucus. After all, the Moderate Liberal may reflect, it seems hardly worth while to follow Mr. GOSCHEN in following Mr. GLADSTONE, for the mere satisfaction of hearing the follower again reprove from his familiar corner the right-hand and left-hand defections of his leaders on the Treasury Bench. We cannot doubt, therefore, that a considerable number of professing Liberals are just now in a state of mind exceptionally favourable to the impression which Lord SALISBURY's speech at Newport was so well calculated to produce; while, as to the great majority of educated Englishmen "unattached," we may affirm with the utmost confidence that this is the case. The eminently businesslike character of the PRIME MINISTER's election address—for such it is in essence—its searching criticism of the various political questions with which it deals, and the frank decision which distinguishes both its undertakings and its reserves, are points in it so obviously calculated to impress the national intelligence that they have for the moment apparently reduced the leading Liberals to the silence of confusion. Probably they had all been getting ready to say that Lord SALISBURY's eloquence was brilliant but hollow, showy but unsubstantial; and, to their surprise and disgust, they have found all their epigrams returned upon their hands, and that the actual speech which they have to deal with is not the least brilliant, but very formidably solid, not particularly calculated to excite enthusiasm, but terribly apt to inspire confidence—not, in a word, an effort of oratory of the sort which evokes cheers, but too uncomfortably that more deadly sort which wins votes. Every Liberal orator who has spoken and every Liberal journalist who has written since the delivery of Lord SALISBURY's speech would so much rather, all of them, that Lord SALISBURY had only been "brilliant," so that each might have fired off his little antithesis and gone home. But it is truly disgusting to have to answer a speech which no more lends itself to such treatment than if it were a Blue Book—a speech which includes a masterly review of the details of legislative measures which Liberals have only been talking about in vague generalities—a speech which distinguishes between the

practicable and the impracticable in projects of social reform, and which is as ready and unreserved in its undertakings to deal with the former as it is clear and firm in its declarations of hostility to the latter. Above all, it is intolerable to find that a mere brilliant orator has actually devised and announced a novel and, what is more, a practical scheme for bringing more land into the market, without either forcible expropriation of landowners or socialistic imposition upon ratepayers.

No wonder, therefore, that there should be some little delay of the replies to the speech from the Liberal side; that Lord KIMBERLEY should pronounce it "dreary," which is as though a cloudy day in the country should be rebuked for its dullness by a London fog; that Lord HARTINGTON should promise in his first speech at Bury to find another opportunity of answering it; and that Mr. TREVELYAN should take no notice of it at all. We can quite understand that they should both of them much prefer to devote the greater part of their speeches to an attack on the Irish policy of the Government. We have said our say on this matter, and Lord SALISBURY has left us as unconvinced as we were left last week by Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, with whose line of apology, indeed, Lord SALISBURY's is virtually identical. But if the Liberals, whose path in Ireland lies strewn behind them with disaster and dishonour—if Liberals imagine that a single false step in a critical situation of Irish affairs will suffice to condemn the present Government in the eyes of the nation, they are woefully mistaken. Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. TREVELYAN will have to leave off harping on that single string of theirs—the lapse of the Crimes Act—a string which the former speaker twanged almost without intermission throughout his speech at Bury; they will have to lay aside this instrument of limited compass, and devote themselves to the defence of their own chameleon-like programme, and to the attack of that which has been put forward by the leader of their opponents. And, considering—to take no other point of distinction between the two—considering the obstinate prejudice of most Englishmen in favour of "knowing where they are," we are of opinion that Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. TREVELYAN will find their task no easy one.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

THE unexpectedly great success of the Conservative coalition in France has completely surprised all the world, including the victors themselves. Their amazement is perhaps not very creditable to the sagacity of the prophets who undertook to predict the result of the poll, or of the less adventurous people who accepted their calculations on trust. Of late years the unexpected has usually happened at general elections, not only in France, but in countries with a better reputation for sobriety. Still in this case it is pardonable to be taken aback at the particular way in which fortune has chosen to outrage probability. It is startling enough to find any party gaining twice, or more than twice, as many seats as had been thought possible on the most favourable calculation. The character of the Conservative party, formed within the last two years for the purpose of fighting at this election, makes its success the more remarkable. It is almost avowedly a temporary alliance between two parties divided by irreconcilable differences for the purpose of upsetting ultimately, if not at once, the existing form of government. In the event of a complete victory, it must inevitably and immediately fall to pieces. For the moment the various sections of the new party have been compelled to suppress their most characteristic principles, and to fight on the ground of opposition, not to the Republic, but to the policy of the politicians who have governed France for the last four years. The organizers of the coalition have openly defended this course with the object of securing the support of voters who are neither Orleanists nor Bonapartists, but who have been frightened by the more or less compulsory Radicalism of the Opportunists. It might have been thought that the very caution of voters of this stamp would have made them hang back from supporting candidates who aim at some day bringing about another revolution. Obviously there has been no hesitation on this score. More than a third of the whole voting power of France has supported men who have not given up the hope of some day seeing a Prince of the House of ORLEANS or of BONAPARTE on the throne. After four years of Opportunist government, the enemies of the Republic, who were lately in a feeble minority, discredited, and divided among themselves, are in pos-

session of between a third and a half of the seats in the Chamber of Deputies.

The elections are not yet over. A second ballot must be held in two hundred and twenty-two cases, and till that is done it is useless—in the face of recent experience almost fatuous—to speculate as to the final result. For the present the Conservative success is quite important event enough to deserve attention, all the more because there has been a marked desire to minimize its gravity. It has been very generally described as a proof, not of the growing dislike of Frenchmen to the Republic, but only of their discontent with the policies of the successive Ministries of the late Chamber. This distinction naturally commends itself to the Republicans; but it is not easy to see why it should be thought satisfactory by those who have less pressing reasons for taking a cheerful view. On the face of it, the fact that the voting power of the so-called reactionary parties has more than doubled would seem to be a sign that a great many Frenchmen who supported the Republic at the last election have ceased to believe in its power to give them the kind of administration they value. The affection of voters for any form of government must at best be tepid when they can vote for its known enemies. Explanations of the success of the Conservatives have been sought for in the failure of M. FERRY's colonial policy, in the general uneasiness at the condition of the finances, in the anger caused by the attacks on the Church and the magistracy, and even in the mere wish to put a stop to the return to power of M. FERRY himself, which seemed not improbable a month ago. For all these reasons it is supposed that a great number of voters have supported the opponents of all this mismanagement and the statesman who is responsible for so much of it, without at the same time being less loyal to the Republic. This explanation has the fault of being a little too subtle, and of overlooking some important considerations. There was no absolute necessity to make a Republican, even a very cool one, vote for Orleanists or Bonapartists because he was angered by the erratic aggression and costly impotence of M. FERRY's colonial policy. He might have voted for the Radicals, who have attacked these things bitterly enough. If he was frightened at the growth of the debt, and disturbed by the domestic policy of the Opportunists, there were still Republicans of the stamp of M. RIBOT and M. GERMAIN to vote for. Unluckily these gentlemen have come to exceptionally severe grief. While the Radicals have gained ground, the Moderate Republicans have been beaten on all sides. The growth of the Radical party has been less unexpectedly great than that of the Conservatives, and its importance has consequently been somewhat underestimated; but it accounts for the success of the coalition more satisfactorily than the other reasons adduced. It seems at least probable that Frenchmen who voted against the Monarchical parties a few years ago have been moved by something stronger than dislike of a particular Republican statesman before voting in their favour now. What has influenced them is not far to seek. For the last four years power has been in the hands of a succession of little men, none of whom have had a compact majority, while all have been driven on by the Radicals. Under the impulse of this party the Church has been attacked, the magistracy has been insulted, the army has been played with, the national resources have been wasted on useless public works. Every politician who has the slightest pretension to be called Moderate has been tried, and has been proved to be unable to govern. M. CLÉMENTEAU alone has not yet been "used up," and he is pledged to renew the vexatious attacks made in late years on all the institutions of France on a larger scale and in an openly revolutionary spirit. After an experience of this kind a strong reaction against the Republic itself was to be expected, and the result of the voting on Sunday is a sign that it has begun. A third of the voters in France are either eager to see a change of government or are at least well prepared to submit if one were to be brought about. Men who will vote for the Monarchists are not likely to offer them any effectual opposition in other ways. There may be, there very probably is, no strong desire among the new Conservatives to see a *coup d'état*; but there must be something more than indifference to the Republic. That large and important part of the population of France which is not enthusiastic for any form of government, but is very much attached to good administration, has apparently begun to despair of getting it from any section of the Republicans. In that frame of mind they are likely to look favourably on the success of their enemies.

Even the Republicans, who are trying to make the best of the position, are compelled to acknowledge that it is serious. There is no immediate danger, and if any disturbance does take place, it will be due, as in the case of the discreditable riots in Paris, to some section of their own party. They have, however, been sharply warned. The misgovernment of the last few years, and the fear of its continuance, have made the Monarchists stronger than they were fourteen years ago. Unless the Republic is administered in a very different spirit in the future, the reaction will continue to increase in strength. Even the next fortnight may see the Conservatives further reinforced. It is very possible that many voters have supported Moderate candidates in the districts where the election has been doubtful simply because they were convinced of the weakness of the Conservatives. If between this and Sunday week they have no better security against the Radicals than they were offered hitherto, it is on the cards that they may follow the example of others, and support candidates who, whatever faults they may have, are at least sure to oppose M. CLÉMENTEAU. Even if the "ballot-tages" do not add immediately to the strength of the Conservatives, the danger for the Republic will not be less in the next few years. The reaction against it can only be stopped by a very complete change in the system on which government has been conducted since the Republicans obtained the reality of power. Unluckily for them, there is little chance of any such reform. When they are told to mend their ways, it is apparently forgotten that to do so they must all at once cease to be what they have been all along. The Radicals must give up wishing for a social revolution, the Opportunists must make up their minds not to make concessions to the Radicals in order to get into office. The Moderate men must stiffen their necks, or, in other words, become something which that plausible and often worthy class of persons have never yet been since their great exemplars the neutral angels could not decide for God or the Devil. All three must find good administrators, sound economists, and a body of followers who do not think it their first duty to get public money spent on their constituents. Fear has worked reformation before, and may do so again; but it is not likely to confer the qualities of intellect and character, without which the Republic cannot improve its position.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT BRADFORD.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S self-denying ordinance has been limited by subsequent explanations. He had been generally understood to pledge himself not to take office in any Ministry which would not accept his recent proposals. It now appears that he will only require his colleagues to include compulsory purchase and the rest in the catalogue of open questions. Mr. GLADSTONE'S Address is well calculated to prepare the way for some arrangement of the kind. From the beginning of the document to the end the writer abstains from expressing an insuperable objection to any measure which is likely to become the subject of discussion. In one of his Bradford speeches Mr. CHAMBERLAIN argued strongly against Mr. GLADSTONE'S hesitating disapproval of gratuitous education. The contribution of parents to the cost of educating their children was denounced as an obnoxious tax. The still more stringent obligation to feed them is for the present to be continued. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN accepts Mr. GLADSTONE'S statement that gratuitous education will put an end to the voluntary schools; but he thinks the result desirable in itself, on the alleged ground that public money ought not to be expended except by bodies popularly elected. He had already explained that the cost of schools is to be paid, not from the rates, but from the taxes, of which the pressure is to be at the same time readjusted in favour of the poorer classes. The Local or County Boards will consequently deal not with funds even ostensibly provided by their constituents, so that the pretence of representation will be divorced from taxation. The managers of voluntary schools, by contributing far more than their share of the cost of education, furnish the best possible security for the due application of the Government grant. Most of them pay income-tax; some of them will be victims of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S graduated taxation. Their payments for education will therefore probably be maintained or increased; and the principal contributors to the cost of schools will no longer have any voice in their management.

The creation of small agricultural holdings by County Boards will be also undertaken at the expense of those who will almost unanimously disapprove of the experiment. This part of the revolutionary system is apparently to be undertaken at the cost of the ratepayers; and, as Mr. GLADSTONE and others have repeatedly argued, the rates are ultimately charged upon the landowner. The purchase and distribution of freeholds are to be authorized by the nominees of the majority of householders; and the Council will dispose of the enormous patronage which will necessarily be exercised in the distribution of properties which may have been bought. The choice of holdings and the amount of rent will depend on the pleasure of the same body, which will have been elected by the claimants and their friends; and when any plot of land is let to a constituent, the character and quality of the indispensable buildings will also be regulated by favour. If the Council has bought and let to a tenant a patch of ten acres, it must, unless the tenant is a capitalist, and therefore not a proper object of legislative benevolence, erect a dwelling-house which will cost 200*l.* or 300*l.* If the speculation fails through the inability of the occupier to pay fair interest on the outlay, the loss will fall on the partially expropriated landowners of the county in the form of additional rates. Any independent tenant-farmers who may be allowed by their new masters to survive will bear their share of the burden in the form, perhaps of rates, and certainly of artificial dearth of labour. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who may now be regarded as one of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S authorized interpreters, professes to hope that more than half the present body of labourers will substitute the advantages of peasant proprietorship for the receipt of wages. By every possible means agricultural production is to be made more expensive, while the results will almost inevitably be reduced in amount.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN anticipates one obvious criticism of his scheme by the bold assertion that no Corporation has within his knowledge perpetrated a job. Americans will learn with astonishment that municipal corruption is an impossible figment. It is true that English Corporations are comparatively pure; but it must be remembered that they are subject to a strict and independent audit, and that they have hitherto not been allowed to engage in business speculations. The power of removing a rate by *certiorari* into the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court is a not inconsiderable check on maladministration. The Corporation of Birmingham, though it has never been accused of pecuniary corruption, is the most intolerant and exclusive of municipal bodies. In the present generation the local majority confines itself to the tyranny and injustice of excluding from municipal influence all but its own partisans. Hereafter managers and wire-pullers will discover that they have a saleable property to dispose of; and some of them will yield to the temptation. No impartial person will for a moment believe that the members of an elective body will be strictly impartial between their supporters and their opponents. The County Board will have been elected almost exclusively on political grounds, and the members will have been pledged beforehand as to the extent to which they will exercise their powers of purchase, as to the rents to be required from lessees of plots of land, and as to the preference of allottees who are known to be of the right way of thinking. Systematic corruption will perhaps not be the worst characteristic of the new system; but Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S guarantee of the uprightness of County Boards is but a worthless security. The Corporations of which he has had experience have no power to impose on one part of the community a rate which is not equally charged on the rest. The County Boards will be able to purchase by compulsion the property of an obnoxious landowner, to be divided, subject to rents arbitrarily fixed, among petty agitators and useful agents of the leading demagogues.

New passages of the democratic revelation are produced, like the supplementary chapters of the Koran, in rapid succession, nor is it known whether the prophet has spoken his last word to his favoured disciples at Bradford. The list of pledges to be unwillingly swallowed by the moderate Liberals, and by Sir W. HARCOURT, is long, though it may perhaps not yet be complete. There is one institution, not yet publicly denounced, which will apparently be reserved to the last. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN lately quoted the phrase that he was astonished at his own moderation; and it is true that he has not yet proposed the abolition of the Crown. At the beginning of his political career he was less reticent. In his recent tour he has said little or nothing of the payment of members; but within a few months he took

occasion to contend that politics ought to be a profession and to furnish the means of livelihood to members of Parliament. The position of Mr. PARNELL probably appears enviable to a rival who is alternately his ally and his opponent. The Irish manager can at any time deprive a rebellious follower of his means of subsistence; and, if the payment of members were once authorized, the reigning demagogue of the moment would exercise equal power in the rest of the United Kingdom. The House of Commons, constituted on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S principle, would consist almost exclusively of obscure adventurers, who would reward themselves for their servility by systematic corruption.

In Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S last speech at Bradford a forgotten article of the old Chartist creed was oddly disinterred. It seems that, among other blessings to be conferred on the country by the new Constitution, triennial Parliaments are to provide for incessant canvassing and political agitation. One Session will be devoted to the redemption of dishonest pledges; one may, perhaps, be allowed for legislation; and the third will be employed in preparations for another election. The probable motive for desiring so inconvenient a change is a desire to cripple by all possible methods the independence of the House of Commons. The chief manager of the Caucus has long laboured to substitute the influence of political clubs for the authority of Parliament; but he cannot trust his nominees if they are allowed comparative fixity of tenure. In the first or second Session a member elected for seven years may sometimes be disposed to waver in his allegiance to his patrons. The suggestion that in a long term the House "loses touch" of the constituency of course means that triennial Parliaments would render the pressure of the Caucus more irresistible. The new Constitution, until it is amended by the abolition of the Monarchy, may perhaps receive few further additions. The House of Lords is to be suppressed; and, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN stated at Bradford, no other Second Chamber is to take its place. The Churches of England and Scotland are to be disestablished and disendowed. Local Legislatures are respectively to control the internal affairs of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales; and County Boards are, among their other functions, to regulate and redistribute landed property. Members of the Central Parliament, and perhaps of the Provincial Assemblies, are to receive salaries. Every kind of property is to be taxed on a varying scale, to be hereafter defined by the Radical leaders. Such is, it seems, the natural and proper result of an extension of the franchise which was recommended on grounds of symmetry or of equitable treatment of "the man on the other side of the hedge." It is deemed prudent for the moment to postpone the inevitable attack on the Crown. An entire revolution in all the other institutions of the country will serve for one or two septennial or triennial Parliaments. The Whigs and the moderate Liberals have not courage to dissociate themselves from the author of the revolutionary crusade. If the consequences affected themselves alone, their future sufferings would deserve little compassion.

COMPARATIVE DIRT.

IS there one law for the Duke and another for the Cow-keeper? That is the way in which an ardent Reformer would put the question of Covent Garden Market and St. James's Park. Perhaps there would be a slight *petitio principii* in the question, and yet the fallacy were almost pardonable. St. James's Park, as we know, has been the scene of eviction. The cow-stall keepers in Milk Walk have been dispossessed. They are not Irish, or, if Irish, not in Ireland. They are not Celtic, or, if Celtic, not in Skye or Morvern. We shall probably hear little, therefore, of the wrongs of these Metropolitan Crofters, and yet we do not feel quite sure that a cry could not be manufactured out of their woes. They are accused of being dirty, slatternly kind of people, like Mrs. MCCLARTY in a social apologue familiar to our grandmothers. Well, so are the Crofters commonly traduced as a dirty, slatternly people. Again, the cow-stall keepers (the Gaikwars of St. James's Park) are alleged to have maintained their cattle in a filthy and unsanitary condition, so that the place became an eyesore, a scandal, a hotbed of disease. So they have been obliged to move off, "when it was found impossible to induce them to observe habits of cleanliness and propriety." Very well; but how about Covent Garden? Are habits of cleanliness and propriety eminent in the market of Mud Salad? Is Covent Garden,

or is it not, "in an untidy and dirty condition"? True, we do not suppose that Covent Garden is the bivouac of London savages. The wild tribes of London, it seems, have made the cow-stalls in St. James's Park into their lodges, and Mr. TYLOR need not go to the Zunis, or the Australians, to find half-naked nomads. The Deputy-Ranger found two squaws and a young papoose, "half naked and filthy, crouching in the stall." Possibly enough no clans crouch thus in Covent Garden Market. But, to the amateur of dirt, and mud, and block, and obstruction, and general hideous and pestilent muddle, Covent Garden will occasionally repay a visit. Why, then, should not the proud proprietor be invited, like the cow-stall keepers, to keep it clean or move on? Possibly because we are still in a law-abiding country, because he is owner and the cow-people were squatters. But when once Sir CHARLES DILKE has blown away the last vestiges of the Norman Conquest, then, we think, the Radical broom will sweep clean over Covent Garden, and the place will not be the dirty and unwholesome obstruction, on a larger scale than Milk Walk, with which reformers and satirists have made us familiar. We may not have the cholera with us this autumn—it is bad enough to "have the Crisis with us"; but next summer we shall see what we shall see, and (in Covent Garden) smell what we shall smell. Meanwhile the cause of the cow-stall folk should certainly be taken up by some of our Tribunes of the People. They were squatters, forsooth. This is their crime! Why, all men were squatters in the really good old days, when, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN knows, "the land was the people's." Squatting is your only legitimate tenure, as far as we presume to understand the Land Reformers. But the St. James's squatters have received some "compensation," and this, after all, may turn the true Radical against them. To compensate them is to set a bad example, and will be disapproved of by Mr. HENRY GEORGE when the cow-stall classes come to evict the squires.

THE EASTERN IMBROGLIO.

THE expectation that Lord SALISBURY would take the opportunity afforded to him at Newport of expressing his views on the Eastern imbroglio has been realized, if not in a very satisfying way. The PRIME MINISTER had warned his hearers that in the departmental office which he fills it was not in his power to speak with absolute freedom when touching upon foreign affairs. He accordingly confined himself almost entirely to criticism of the retrospective order, and attempted rather to trace the genesis of the existing situation, and to account for it on optimistic principles, than to forecast its probable issue. In the former endeavour it was naturally impossible for him to achieve anything more than an imperfect success. It is no doubt true that the Bulgaria which Prince ALEXANDER is seeking to restore will not be the "big Bulgaria" of the San Stefano Treaty; and true, too, that the history of Eastern Roumelian "development" has been a different and possibly a less alarming one for Europe than it would have been if the "character" of the province had been "formed" under the tutelage of a Russian army. Above all, it was a true and a timely reply to certain ignorant sneers of Lord SALISBURY'S Radical critics that "treaties do not affect to overrule the general impulses" of populations; but what they do affect is to protect those "impulses from being controlled by force." Well, however, as it may be to bear this in mind as a general principle, we are not quite prepared to admit that it has received an illustration in the present instance. The Treaty of Berlin undoubtedly removed the pressure of the Russian armies; but what it set free was not so much the "general impulses" of populations as the special activities of intrigue, and it was because the complete liberty which these forces would enjoy under the treaty was foreseen by some of its critics that they censured its provisions. Nor is there much comfort to be derived from Lord SALISBURY'S declaration of his policy as being designed to uphold the Turkish Empire whenever it can be genuinely and "healthily" upheld, and "to cherish and foster strong, self-sustaining nationalities," &c., whenever Turkish rule is proved "by events to be inconsistent with the welfare of populations." It is not very comforting, we say; because, so far as we can perceive, the "event" which will determine Lord SALISBURY'S mind to this conclusion need be nothing more than a *pronunciamento* on the part of a knot of Pan Slavist conspirators. However, it is some slight satisfaction to find that this principle is not for the moment to

be pushed any further, and that the Great Powers are in accord in their desire to "confine within the narrowest possible sphere the modification of the existing state of things" which the impulses of the populations have produced."

Meanwhile the Ambassadors of the Powers have held several meetings at Constantinople for the discussion of a plan of settlement; but have thus far, it seems, resolved upon nothing, except that their deliberations are to be kept secret. From all that can be gathered, however, or that may fairly be suspected from the present state of their minds, the world can afford to wait patiently enough for admission to their confidence. They cannot agree, it is said, upon the terms of the identic reports to be addressed to their respective Governments, and they are, on the other hand, all agreed that they must obtain further instructions from home before approaching the main object of the Conference. All this, of course, is the highest of high diplomatic comedy, as is also the contemplated despatch of a Note to the Governments of Greece and Serbia recommending them to disarm; but it is hardly calculated to increase the respect which popularly attaches to the art and mystery of the diplomatist. Some allowance, however, ought doubtless to be made for men who are called upon to go through a performance of a more flagrantly and cynically hypocritical character than has often been demanded even of their profession. In order to hold a Conference in any sensible and respectable meaning of the phrase, there ought to be, in the first place, something to confer about, and, in the second place, some pretence of a common desire to do justice in the premises. In the present instance both these conditions are unfulfilled. There is no dispute whatever about the facts themselves, or about the import of the facts; and, on the other hand, there is notoriously no intention of equitably dealing with them. The Prince of BULGARIA, and the heads of the Bulgarianizing party in Eastern Roumelia, have, without the slightest plea of provocation, violated the provisions of a quite recent European treaty; and, since the thoroughly lawless and unprovoked character of that act is a common admission in the case, the only object for which the signatories of that treaty could legitimately meet in the persons of their representatives would be to determine in what way the aggressors should be compelled to make amends or what compensation should be offered to the victim of the wrong. What, however, the Conference are actually meeting for is, as is well known, to consider whether any and what further demands shall be made upon the injured party by way of black-mail, and with a view to buying off an attack with which he has been threatened by certain rivals of his original assailant. So singularly anomalous a mission might be sufficient to excuse a certain amount of diffidence on the part of those who are charged with it; but, as a matter of fact, their hesitations have a deeper and a less respectable origin. The representatives of the Powers are not perplexed by any doubts as to how far they should press their exactions on the Porte; they are simply agitated by suspicions and misgivings as to each other's designs. When they talk of the "claims of Serbia," what they are really thinking of is the ambitions of Austria; and all that they affirm or deny of the "development of Bulgaria" is really meant to be affirmed or denied of the advance of Russia. For the moment it looks as if the apprehensions which are suggested by the first of these phrases were in a way to subside. The countenance at first extended by Austria to the bellicose proceedings of King MILAN and his people—or, to put things in their proper order, we should say, perhaps, of his people and King MILAN—has, on a hint from Berlin apparently, been of late withdrawn; and the KING, if he does commit himself to an attack on Turkey, will do so under pressure from his subjects, and not at the instigation of a Great Power.

It is not impossible, however, that Turkey may in any case be beforehand with her. The announcement from Philippopolis that the SULTAN has "in principle recognized" the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, under the "sceptre of Prince ALEXANDER," may, perhaps, be somewhat in advance of the facts; but it need not surprise anybody to receive authentic news of such a settlement before many days are past. It would be quite in keeping with the shrewd policy of the Porte, wherever financial weakness or religious prejudice does not interfere to deflect that policy, to divide its enemies in the most effectual of all possible ways—namely, by making terms with one in order to detach it from the others. Now, compromise with Prince ALEXANDER at this particular juncture would cost Turkey nothing. She knows full well that these very

jealousies of the Powers which enable her to retain what she for the time being possesses will always effectually prevent her from recovering anything of which she has been robbed, and that she is merely making a virtue of necessity in seeking an arrangement with any adversary who may have succeeded to her detriment in creating accomplished facts. At the same time, it is well worth the while of any smaller Power who may stand in that position to compound for the abandonment of "protests" by consenting to meet her half-way, or even, as is now being suggested in explanation of the new departure in Ottoman policy, to tender some independent consideration on its own part. The idea that Prince ALEXANDER, who is firmly believed in some quarters to have powerful financial backers, has offered certain pecuniary inducements "very welcome to the Porte," in view of a possible conflict with Greece and Serbia," is, under the circumstances, not an unnatural one. But, however this may be, an understanding between the Porte and Bulgaria of the description indicated in the latest reports would undoubtedly give something very like checkmate to the Servian game. The state of things which it would create can add not the slightest colour of international right to Servian or Greek demands for compensation, and this is of importance, as implying that it supplies no Great Power with a diplomatic excuse for interfering in that behalf. Not, unfortunately, that there is any conclusive ground for believing that no attempt will be made on the part of one or both of the minor States to seize that compensation by force. The game of attacking Turkey, getting soundly beaten by her, and then calling vociferously upon Christendom to interfere has been before this so successfully played by the Balkan States, we are sorry to remember, that there is always a probability of its being tried again. At the same time, it is only fair to recollect also that the experiment of imposing peace upon these greedy little States by a firm and a really, not nominally, unanimous mandate from all the Powers has never yet been tried; and, if Lord SALISBURY is right in thinking that the necessary unanimity does actually prevail among them, there may still be some chance of bringing Serbia and Greece to reason.

PURSE AND PERSON.

WHEN Wisdom crieth out in the streets, people may regard her or not at their peril. But when the public cry for protection, policemen and magistrates are bound to afford it them. Yet they do not. Offences against the person increase and multiply. Crimes of violence disgrace London daily. Often, it is to be feared, the victims suffer in silence, or the perpetrators are never apprehended. They dive down the nearest alley, one of those passages so common on the north side of the Strand, and are lost to sight, though not to memory dear. When the ruffians are caught, they do not meet with their deserts. Let us take, for instance, the case of WILLIAM AVENT, who was charged with assaulting Mr. CASTELLIAN, a tobacconist, in the high road, Marylebone. A companion of the prisoner's asked Mr. CASTELLIAN an idiotic question, to which Mr. CASTELLIAN, who had his arm in a sling, replied that he knew nothing about the matter. Thereupon AVENT knocked his hat off, and struck him in the face, making his mouth bleed. For this brutal and utterly unprovoked assault Mr. DE RUTZEN only sent AVENT to prison for a fortnight, whereas he had the power to send him for six months. If AVENT had put his hand into his employer's till, six months' imprisonment is probably the very least punishment that would have befallen him. The culpable leniency with which London magistrates treat outrages of this kind is really lamentable, and is even harder to explain than the odd capriciousness of the law. If AVENT had taken sixpence out of the prosecutor's pocket after striking him, he would have been committed for trial, and might have received a sentence of penal servitude, accompanied by flogging. Why should corporal punishment be allowed only when there is actual robbery? It is for the violence, not for the dishonesty, that the cat is supposed to be awarded. Of course Mr. DE RUTZEN dwelt upon the "cowardly" nature of the crime and all that sort of thing. Unfortunately, men of AVENT's type are inaccessible to eloquence. There is only one thing which they thoroughly understand, and that is bodily discomfort, more especially when it rises into acute physical pain. It is satisfactory to think that GEORGE HINTON was rather severely beaten by a gentleman whom he attacked on the Embankment the other night. He

would have been all the better, however, for some further punishment of the same kind in gaol. Mr. CHANCE, with a leniency which is the reverse of merciful to the public, let him off with a fine of ten shillings. He did so on the ground that the prosecutor knew how to take care of himself, as the prosecutor, being young and vigorous, certainly did. HINTON will probably in future confine himself to attacks upon women and old men. It would be too sanguine to suppose that he had received enough to keep him quiet altogether.

The inadequate sentences passed in cases of unprovoked assault are simply scandalous. On the same day on which AVENT and HINTON were treated in the manner described JOHN SEYMOUR pleaded guilty at the Middlesex Sessions to stealing a watch, and was sentenced to five years' penal servitude. People's watches ought, of course, to be protected, and probably SEYMOUR was an old offender. But even watches are less valuable than life and limb, both of which are directly threatened by the ruffians whom magistrates treat so gently. Mr. NEWTON enjoys the distinction of having sent to prison for periods of six and two months respectively GEORGE ARMSTRONG and JOHN SHINGLE, who assaulted Mr. and Mrs. CARROLL in the neighbourhood of the Tottenham Court Road. In this case, perhaps, the prisoners ought to have been committed for trial, in order that they might be yet more severely dealt with. For Mr. CARROLL was kicked till he became insensible, his son was kicked in the stomach, and his wife was struck in the face. There seems to have been absolutely no reason for the assault, except that the prisoners, like wild beasts, turned upon the first human beings they saw. A still more astounding instance of magisterial lenity than any of these may be cited from the proceedings at the Thames Police-court on Saturday. MICHAEL HAYES, who had been often charged at the same court before, was accused of assaulting JAMES SEDLER. The prisoner was twenty-three and the prosecutor fifty-four. The younger man struck the elder repeated blows in the face, knocked him down, and jumped upon him, for no reason whatever except that he felt so disposed. This performance took place in a beer-shop, appropriately called the "Little Wonder," and in the presence of about thirty men, none of whom attempted to interfere. *Nil admirari* may be pushed too far. The unfortunate SEDLER had to go to the hospital. Mr. SAUNDERS justly described the assault as "most cruel and brutal," and then inflicted the ridiculously insufficient penalty of one month's hard labour. The examples which we have quoted occurred within a day or two of each other. They are by no means all that we might have given. But they are enough to prove that much more stringent measures must be taken to put down this epidemic of brutality. We believe, as our readers are aware, that the hardened wretches who commit these crimes should be made to suffer some part of the pain which they inflict. That is, of course, for Parliament. In the meantime, the London magistrates might do much to make the streets safe if they would announce their determination to visit all cases of unprovoked assault in the streets with the full penalty of six months' imprisonment with hard labour.

IRELAND.

THERE has been no novelty in the news from Ireland received during the past week. In itself that is bad enough; but the gravity of the situation is, if possible, increased by the fact that Lord SALISBURY has done no more at Newport than repeat the excuses of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER for the attitude the Ministry has assumed towards the successors of the Land League—if they can be called successors who are only the same persons doing, or preparing to do, the same things under another name. While the *Times* has republished extracts from the papers of the League containing full and conclusive proof of the complete success of the boycotters in crushing what feeble opposition has been made to them, the PRIME MINISTER has repeated Sir M. HICKS-BEACH's demonstration that this form of coercion neither has been nor can be stopped by the Government. It is not the least ugly sign of the hopeless position the Ministry has made for itself by deciding to adopt the rose-water method in dealing with Irish disaffection that so acute a mind as the Marquess of SALISBURY's can find no better argument to defend its action than the stale and ten-times refuted plea that the Crimes Act was useless because it did not secure complete

success. Like the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, Lord SALISBURY asks us to believe that the Act could not prevent the extension of boycotting because it could not effect its extirpation. If the leader of the Conservative party were free from the trammels of the position which he and his colleagues have created for themselves, he would be the first to see that any law could be declared ripe for abolition to-morrow on this ground. An illustration by which he attempted to enforce his arguments was particularly unfortunate. Lord SALISBURY pronounced the Crimes Act unnecessary because there were fewer outrages in September, when it was not in force, than in August, when it was. This apparent change for the better may be at least equally plausibly explained by the fact that at this latter date the mass of Irishmen had been taught by the withdrawal of the Crimes Act that they had no support to expect against the organizers of terrorism. When the object for which outrages are committed had been obtained, there was no immediate reason for their continuance.

The very full extracts from Irish newspapers published in Tuesday's *Times* serve to show to what perfection the system of boycotting has been carried. In the main they add little to what was known already, but they show how the tyranny works with great fulness of detail. Englishmen may perhaps realize, after reading these four columns, that it is a method of coercion little less cruel than actual carding and murder, and calling for signally vigorous repression. The next step—if, indeed, it needs to be taken at all after recent experience—will be to become convinced that the Government has no weapons at its disposal strong enough to deal with the evil. It is, no doubt, using those it has left itself, but their inefficiency is too obvious. Neither is there any reason to suppose that a more energetic use of what resources it has would lead to more satisfactory results. Colonel BOND has, indeed, written to the *Times* to argue that, with a more efficient system of police, it would be possible to break up the Societies which terrorize Ireland. It is probable that his criticisms on the organization and management of the police in Ireland are not without foundation. More might be effected if the force was somewhat less military, and better adapted to work in secret. The great thing with which Government has to contend in Ireland is not, however, so much its inability to detect crime or to arrest criminals, as the difficulty of securing conviction. As long as the ordinary law only is in force, juries will not give verdicts which would lay them open to the vengeance of the friends of the criminal, and while that is the case, the utmost activity and success on the part of the police could only lead to an increase in the number of useless prosecutions. No measures of any kind to promote the administration of the law in Ireland will be of any effect as long as juries cannot perform their duties with safety. By agreeing to let the Crimes Act lapse, the Ministry has for the present made that impossible, and therefore its well-meant efforts to cope with the National League are inevitably doomed to failure. The proposal to stop boycotting by taxing the township with the rent of vacant farms is open to the same objection. No doubt this would be an effectual way of checking the oppression; but then no Government can use it without special Parliamentary authority, and that is just what the present Cabinet cannot obtain in time to stop boycotting during the coming winter.

THE NEW HEReward.

WHAT does any one suppose the Radicals are at this moment doing? The poet asks what the wild waves are saying; and really it would be as easy to answer his query as to guess the reply of Sir CHARLES DILKE to our first question. Sir CHARLES, who ought to know, has revealed to Chelsea and the Eleusis Club the "mystery more than Eleusinian," that the Radicals are "undoing the 'Norman Conquest.'" Senlac (it would be interesting to examine Radical candidates on the topography of Senlac) is to be avenged at the electoral urns. The natural man, on hearing Sir CHARLES DILKE's statement, of course expects to hear that the descendants of the Norman conquerors are to be expelled from our old English shores. But who shall tell us where these invaders are to be found? Saxon and Norman and Dane are we; and too much mixed, perhaps, for even Sir CHARLES DILKE to select the real children of the Northmen who came with WILLIAM Conqueror. Nay, the noble name of DILKE itself, for what we know, may conceal the hated apostrophe. Sir CHARLES may be

DILKE, "of that ilk," and should be wary of crying *haro* on Norman blood.

But Sir CHARLES does not announce—not yet, at least—that he is for a regular *εὐφυλαρία*, an Alien Act expelling the Norman foreigners. The wicked effect of the Norman Conquest, according to the Chelsea philosopher, was "to degrade the Saxon township into the feudal manor." The noble hope of the Radicals, then, will be to convert the feudal manor into the Saxon township. When that is done, HAROLD GODWIN's son will be avenged. Now we are not asking here whether this conversion would be a happy thing and beneficial, or whether the Radicals will effect it honestly and fairly. But we are content to point out that the reference to the Norman Conquest is, unless we are mistaken, a mere piece of claptrap. The Normans and their blue blood and their oppressiveness have long been familiar to a Chelsea audience not unlearned in *Bow Bells* and the lettered pages of the *Family Herald*. But it was not, if Bishop STUBBS is right, it was not "the Normans who began it." If the Radicals are really active in the task which Sir CHARLES DILKE assigns to them (rather, perhaps, to their surprise), they are striking at institutions much older than the Norman Conquest, institutions as English as anything framed in the unconquered England can be. Bishop STUBBS writes:—"A township" (which Sir CHARLES wishes to restore) "may represent the original allotment of the smallest subdivision of the free community, or the settlement of the kindred colonizing on their own account, or the estate of the great proprietor who has a tribe of dependents." He also remarks, and Mr. CHARLES ELTON (*Observations on the Commons Bill*, 1876) accepts the statement, that "those early townships which were founded on the land of a lord were, in many respects, much the same as manors from the beginning of English history. In course of time," Mr. ELTON goes on (and probably no one will seriously prefer to his the authority of the learned Sir CHARLES DILKE), "the free communities fell into the power of the Crown or the greater landowners, and the process appears to have been almost completed before the Norman Conquest." In the Customs of Chester, for example (*Domesday*, i. 262b), we read of the *manerium*, as contrasted with the *burgus*, both being clearly in existence prior to the Conquest. Let us repeat that we are not arguing as to whether it is a good thing or a bad thing that "the free communities fell into the power of the Crown, or the greater landowners," nor as to whether this arrangement may and should be now reversed by the Radicals or any one else. But we do protest against the invidious proclamation of the theory that the Norman Conquest did what was "almost complete before the Norman Conquest," and that the Radicals are a kind of HERWARD the Wakes. This is the assumption of Sir CHARLES DILKE, and doubtless the assumption lends a little air of romance to the party, and brings the smell of the hay over the footlights of the Caucus. It is a fine thing to reverse a foreign conquest with its institutions. Unluckily, unless Sir CHARLES DILKE has better authorities than Mr. ELTON and Dr. STUBBS and *Domesday*, the said institutions are older than the invasion. Sir CHARLES, we think, will get no help from Mr. SEEBOM in his curious contention.

The whole argument about the Norman Conquest is an example of that ignorant adoption of the latest historical theories which marks the Radical. There is something very Celtic in modern Radicalism. The Celt is always crying out for the moon, or some institution older than the moon, *πρὸς ἄλυσιν*, for the laws of BRIAN BORU or MALACHI of the Collar of Gold. So, too, the Radical harks back to prehistoric institutions of which (for he is seldom a man of any reading) he has heard some confused report. We have shown, we think, that Sir CHARLES is not fighting with the Conquest or the Normans, that he must go further back than that for the origin of the institution he dislikes. Where is he to stop? He cannot stop before he reaches the theoretical group of Old English kin who grabbed and held, to some extent in common allotments, the land immediately after the English (not the Norman) conquest. But how long did this ideal condition of affairs (itself not unrevived by the land-ownership of war-chiefs) endure? "The degradation of the peasantry began so soon and spread so far that it is difficult to realize the life in the free townships into which the original settlements were divided." The ideal state of affairs, the earliest traceable condition of English landholding, could only last "while the villagers were united by the tradition of a common descent." How is

Sir CHARLES to restore the sentiment of pre-Christian England? And why should not the Welsh and Irish claim the land which was theirs before the English grabbed it? There is no place where the pseudo-historical Radical has a right to stop. Land never was the people's in all history, in his sense of the word. The very Australian blacks, still more the Kanakas, claim private property in land. The Radical millennium will be an innovation, not a restitution, and the less Radical smatterers speak about the historic and prehistoric past, the fewer will be their blunders. Even if their facts were correct, it is impossible to bring back the historical conditions and sentiments which alone made possible such common ownership as did undeniably exist, and as now vexes the peasantry of Russia with "the black partition," as they call it, of village lands. To Sir CHARLES we might say, in the plaintive language of the poor Chinese, "My friend, your topside ignorance make 'shedee piecay tear'; or we might recognize, in him, Lord SALISBURY's inventive Cockney, who only knows what he has read in magazines.

LORD IDDESLEIGH AT SHERBORNE.

LORD IDDESLEIGH is too sensible a man to take the advice of an adversary, even when it is conveyed in the form of a sneer. He repeated in his latest speech the sound and ancient proposition that knowledge based on careful inquiry should precede political action. Mr. MORLEY, who is not usually discourteous, described Lord IDDESLEIGH's doctrine as the perfection of imbecility; and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who indeed is not much devoted to the cultivation of accurate knowledge, triumphantly remarked that a responsible statesman ought to know his own meaning and communicate his meaning to the people. A less original orator might have remembered that statesmen have other things to study as well as their own intentions. The state of the country, its immediate and ulterior interests, the principles of economy and legislation, may reasonably enter into their consideration. Mr. MORLEY, notwithstanding his scorn of truisms, must admit that they have the advantage of being true. The most commonplace deduction from ascertained facts is worth more than Sir W. HARCOURT's contrast between some Highland glen which he has, in defiance of Radical scruples, visited for the purpose of deer-stalking, and a rich and thickly-inhabited Swiss valley, several degrees to the south of Scotland. Fireworks are pretty things, but their most cordial admirers know that what goes up as a rocket will come down as a stick. If Lord IDDESLEIGH has cared to vindicate his preference for facts over theories and figures of speech, he might have cited an authority in his favour to which Sir W. HARCOURT must bow. Mr. GLADSTONE, after a life-long study of the theory of Church Establishments, has only arrived at the conclusion that "so vast a question cannot become practical until it shall have grown familiar to the public mind by 'thorough discussion.'" Surely, if Sir W. HARCOURT is right, Mr. GLADSTONE ought to have known and to have announced his own opinion.

No idler argument was ever used in political controversy than the taunt that the defenders of liberty and property offer no alternative to the Radical accumulation of bribes. At Sherborne Lord IDDESLEIGH wisely abstained from bidding against the unjust stewards who are now endeavouring by squandering the rights of property to secure a perpetual lodgment in office. He even ventures to express his belief that, if a large number of petty freeholds were artificially created, they would, through the operation of natural causes, be after a time bought up piece by piece by those who have money to spare. He could not judge whether the process would be impeded by some arbitrary system equivalent to entail. The land projectors have never explained whether the tenants holding under County Boards will be allowed to dispose freely of their interest in the soil. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, indeed, with a bold disregard of consistency and of justice, announced that the value of the tenant-right would be determined by competition in the open market. The convenient cant of supply and demand is only to be repressed when the rights of the original freeholder are affected. The assignee of a County Board leasehold will thus hold at a rack-rent, consisting partly of the interest on his purchase money. The question remains whether the present occupier will be allowed to sell to an ordinary landowner who may wish to increase his estate. If property is not to be permanently tied up, Lord IDDESLEIGH's prophecy will almost certainly

be fulfilled. Sir THEODORE MARTIN lately published an account of the rapid destruction of small freehold properties in the part of North Wales where he resides. The same causes will produce similar effects on the County Board leaseholds unless they are protected by law from accumulation. The old German *Bauer-gut*, which could not be alienated except to a peasant purchaser, would, if subdivision is to be artificially perpetuated, be re-established by the enlightened Radicals of the present day.

By an excusable misconception, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S revolutionary proposals are commonly discussed as the extreme results of the agitation against property and against the institutions of the country. It is assumed that, if the Church and the House of Lords were abolished, if landowners were plundered of half their possessions, and if some extravagant percentage were added to the Income-tax of the richer classes, the appetite of spoliation would be satiated at least in the present generation. The truth is, that there is nothing to prevent Mr. CHAMBERLAIN from doubling the amount of ransom; and behind Mr. CHAMBERLAIN are the demagogues who address predatory proposals to street mobs on Sundays. The Utopia of the Social Democrats is more extravagant than the imaginary scheme of government which might be promulgated by the Birmingham Caucus; but the assumption that the whole fabric of society is at the mercy of the majority for the time being is common to both classes of agitators. Until lately it has always been supposed that fundamental principles were exempt from discussion. The omnipotence of Parliament was in common belief confined within certain more or less definite limits. The Constitution, though, like the common law, it was unwritten, nevertheless existed in the knowledge of the community. The proposer of an illegal decree in Athens, though he might have obtained the assent of the Legislature, was liable to prosecution and punishment if his measure was deemed inconsistent with the ancient law of the State. An offender against the English Constitution might, until the early part of the present century, have been punished by impeachment. The foundations of the State may now be disturbed with impunity by any ambitious demagogue.

The dislike which has been felt for the process of Americanizing English institutions is perhaps no longer confined to one party. The modern Radical would be seriously hampered by the impediments which have been placed by the founders of the Union in the way of dangerous innovations. The Supreme Court would make short work of an Act for taxing groups of citizens at varying and arbitrary rates. Obscure American writers have sometimes proposed the abolition of the President or the Senate, or of both; but, even if their schemes had attracted popular notice and support, elaborately difficult conditions are imposed on any change in the Constitution. In the ordinary course of legislation, the Senate effectually checks the aberrations of the House, and the veto, which has for nearly two centuries been obsolete in England, is still exercised by the President. The stability of English institutions was formerly envied by European nations, and it was regarded by enlightened Americans as equal to their own. The ambitious turbulence which has resulted from the recent extension of the franchise proves to be more formidable than any form of American agitation. Lord IDDESLEIGH is perhaps too sanguine in his anticipation of the total failure of social and political experiments which are opposed to economical laws. The mob and its flatterers are loth to attribute to their own blunders the miscarriage of democratic projects. RODESPIERRE and his associates, as often as they found that the golden age had not yet returned, compensated themselves for their disappointment by a fresh batch of murders. If a tax of forty per cent. on the property of capitalists fails to create commercial prosperity, nothing will be easier than to increase the rate to fifty.

One member of the present Cabinet declines to borrow the policy of the hostile party. The only considerable errors which his Cabinet is thought by some of its friends to have committed may be attributed to a violation of the same wholesome rule. If the main contention of Mr. MORLEY and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN were conceded, the Conservative Ministers would be pledged to find employment for the new legislative machine. The business of Conservatives is to keep what exists, and on fit occasion to introduce necessary improvements. The task is not calculated to stimulate popular enthusiasm; but in a period of change it is of primary importance. One great merit which Lord IDDESLEIGH possesses is the calm temperament which prevents him from

either swelling the current of party violence or alienating moderate Liberals. Though all of them, including Mr. GOSCHEN, shrink from protesting against revolutionary extravagance, they may soon be forced to admit that they agree with Lord IDDESLEIGH almost as fully as they differ from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. Lord IDDESLEIGH'S speech at Sherborne may or may not have attracted professed converts. It must have convinced one class of his professed opponents that they agree with him rather than with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. He judiciously took occasion to dismiss with contempt the assertion that his party meditates the imposition of a duty on foreign corn. To make provisions dearer would, as he said, be a strange remedy for commercial depression. His total silence on foreign politics was probably the result of an understanding with Lord SALISBURY. When the PRIME MINISTER and FOREIGN SECRETARY was about to explain the international policy of the Government, it might have been inconvenient for even the safest of colleagues to anticipate the statement. He might safely assume that the patriotic delight of Radical orators in a supposed check to English policy would not pass without rebuke.

SIXPENNY TELEGRAMS.

THE first feeling excited by the new telegraphic regulations is, as we expected, one of disappointment. To the Post Office, perhaps, this feeling has not yet come, as the increase in the number of messages, sent on the 1st of October, exceeded considerably the highest estimate formed beforehand. But it is perfectly clear, from correspondence in the daily papers as well as from general conversation, that the public, the employers of the Telegraph Department, are woefully disappointed at the working of the new tariff. It is worth while to look at the published figures. On the 24th September, the number of telegrams at one shilling and upwards, putting aside foreign and press messages, was 43,407. On the 1st October the number at sixpence and upwards was 56,955. So that, unless a vast majority were paid for at a rate exceeding the new tariff, there must have been a very heavy loss. Supposing, for argument's sake, that all the 43,407 were shilling telegrams and all the 56,955 were sixpenny, the loss must have been some fifty per cent. or more, although to believe those daily papers which noticed the matter, and which were, of course, saved the trouble of forming an opinion by the issue, privately or otherwise, of an official statement, this was an advance of nearly thirty-one per cent. Truly it was an advance in trouble and cost, commensurate with the additional labour involved, and an advance in the deficit, commensurate with the lowered rates. This increase or diminution, according as we look at it, was chiefly in London, where, post-offices being plenty, and SATAN perhaps even more ready than in country places with mischief for idle hands to do, thousands of people invested sixpence in purchasing the pleasure of being able ever after to say they had used the new form on the first day it came into force.

Already the new rules are causing confusion, and the senders of messages are writing to the papers to complain. For instance, is "Mile-end" one word or two? A grumbler is charged 6½d. because it is two. Yet Whitechapel is only one. So, too, there are thirty-two "Suttons" in the Post-Office Guide, and people who telegraph to Sutton, Surrey, have to pay for the name of the county, while people who telegraph to Sutton-in-Ashfield only pay for one word, though they send three. There are, we have heard, not thirty, but forty, Westons in England. There are in London hundreds of King Streets and Queen Streets. Nay, there are scores in one district as W. or E. But King Street, Tottenham Court Road, and Weston-super-Mare will be charged for at different rates; the result, of course, being, as we ventured to foretell, a larger increase in what may be called "dead" telegrams than in the public convenience or the postal revenue. *Punch* makes very merry over the matter; but the unconscious humour of some of the complainers is still more funny. One gentleman, who not very appropriately signs himself "Multum in Parvo," informs the news-reading public that on the morning of October 6 he received the following message:—"To Brown, High Street, St. Leonard's.—May I lunch with you to-morrow?—JONES." He replied—not "Yes" or "No," or any other obvious answer, but—"Proverbs nine, verse five.—BROWN." "Multum in Parvo," otherwise BROWN, is evidently much pleased with this quotation from the words of Wisdom, who, as we read in the context, addresses "him that

"wanteth understanding," and invites him to eat of her bread and drink of the wine she has mingled. No doubt JONES will be flattered and impressed by BROWN's knowledge of Scripture and politeness. As for BROWN, his delight at his own wit is so great that he sends it to the *Standard*, and informs an admiring world that "the above incident" suggested to him that the Government might easily introduce a book containing colloquial expressions, such as would meet "the ordinary phraseology" in vogue among the public, and—he might have added—him that wanteth understanding. Another letter-writer desires a code of abbreviations—a more sensible suggestion, perhaps. But all these ideas were quite as applicable to the shilling as to the sixpenny telegrams, the difference which has, in truth, taught economy to thousands, being the new system of payment for addresses. The same qualification applies to the use of Latin words, and a good round dozen of very ancient devices for making long telegrams cheap. It is curious that all these suggestions should come out, not when telegraphing is made dearer, but when it is, ostensibly at least, made cheaper; and they all go to confirm the general regret that Lord JOHN MANNERS should have been obliged to take the bad advice offered him by his predecessor in office, and qualify the boon of sixpenny telegrams with a charge for addresses. The one redeeming feature in the whole affair is that the experiment has been tried, and that if the new rules are revised the POSTMASTER-GENERAL will be able to institute a real reform, and grant a real boon to the people, in spite of Radical, or self-called "Liberal," opposition.

LAW AND COMMUNISM.

THE Land Nationalisation Society, of which a distinguished man of science is, strange to say, President, has not, in spite of unremitting exertions, succeeded in attracting much notice from the public. Since Mr. HENRY GEORGE, whose perverted ingenuity made him an object of some interest, and who played such tricks with political economy as made the professors weep, returned to California, the body which he created or inspired has languished in comparative obscurity. Mr. GEORGE is said to be now engaged in the useful and honourable task of persuading his countrymen that their protective tariff cripples their industry and impoverishes themselves. Mr. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, who is, we believe, a Protectionist, carries on Mr. GEORGE's work of proving, or rather asserting, that private property in land is the legal recognition of theft. Mr. WALLACE's deviations from the sphere of natural science, in which he has done such admirable work, have hitherto, if we mistake not, led him to adopt the doctrines of Spiritualists, Protectionists, and confiscators of the land. The famous proverb about the shoemaker and the last has seldom received a more striking illustration. The Land Nationalisation Society has discovered that, if the world is not its friend, the world's law, or at least the law of England, is. This remarkable discovery is proclaimed with a flourish of trumpets, very brazen in tone, and accompanied by extracts from legal and other writers, which show an enviable freshness of mind in those who rely upon them. Mr. WALLACE and his colleagues have, for instance, consulted the late Mr. JOSHUA WILLIAMS's work on Real Property, and there found a passage which greatly delights them. "The first thing," says Mr. WILLIAMS, "the student has to do is to get rid of the idea of absolute ownership. Such an idea is quite unknown in English law. No man in the law is the absolute owner of his lands. He can only hold an estate in them." The next thing the student has to do is to understand the meaning of this passage, and when he has done that, he will be aware that it has nothing whatever to do with the questions raised by the Land Nationalisation Society. It is true that no man can go beyond having an estate in fee simple in land. But what more does anybody want? If land can be sold, let, cultivated, built upon, or left alone, at the option of a person who does not own it, but merely owns an estate in it, he must be a very unreasonable person to complain of a legal fiction that the Crown is his landlord, without power to evict him, make him pay rent, or interfere with him in any way. If any disciple of Mr. WALLACE gets elected to the next House of Commons, he will be expected to move that "Whereas, 'by the constitutional law of England [what is the unconstitutional law of England?] the absolute ownership of the soil—so frequently claimed—is expressly denied to any subject, and is vested in the State, it is hereby re-

solved that all land legislation shall be so framed as to enact and give effect to this fundamental principle of permanent State sovereignty." If Mr. WALLACE were made to-morrow "absolute owner" of the soil of England, according to the sense in which that term may be applied to the Crown, does he suppose that any one would give him sixpence for his legal right? As for the "State," it is not owner of the land at all, except in so far as it can forcibly expropriate, with or without compensation, any landowner. It is equally competent to take from Mr. WALLACE the copyright of his books, the house that he lives in, and the clothes that he wears.

Why the Land Nationalisation Society should quote from SPELMAN to the effect that "the tenant or vassal hath nothing in the property of the soil itself, but it remaineth entirely with the lord," we must profess ourselves unable even to imagine. If the Society had been formed to support Lord PALMERSTON's famous dictum, that "tenant right is landlord wrong," we could have understood the bearing of the passage. The feudal system, under which the occupier of the soil was little better than a serf, has not usually been held up as an ideal by reformers of the land laws. But then reformers of the land laws, whether their theories were sound or not, used to know something about the subject. COKE, BLACKSTONE, and a person called "STEPHENS," by whom is apparently meant the late Mr. Serjeant STEPHEN, are cited in support of the commonplace with which many schoolboys, most undergraduates, and all lawyer's clerks are acquainted, "that lands in England are holden mediately or 'immediately' of the Crown. This is an important fact to be borne in mind by those who study the law of real property, for it explains the technical meaning of the word 'estate.' Put to general purposes, it is simply a misleading fallacy. The ignorant employment of legal maxims is a fruitful source of error. There is a sense in which it is true that "an Englishman's house is his castle." But to infer that a policeman might not break into a house to arrest a murderer would be a grave mistake. The other authorities cited by the Society are equally irrelevant, except a sentence of Mr. FROUDE's to the effect that "land never was private property in that personal sense in which we speak of a thing as our own with which we may do as we please," a statement about as accurate as most of Mr. FROUDE's making. When Mr. MILL said that "no man made the land," he either perpetrated a truism or insinuated a paradox. Bedford Level was not created by any human agency. But a judicious expenditure of landlords' capital alone made it of any real value—made it anything more than a portion of the earth's surface. Mr. HERRERT SPENCER says that, "however difficult it may be to embody 'the theory of the nationalization of the land in fact, equity sternly commands it to be done,' which seems to show that equity, unlike law, *cogit ad impossibilia*. Every one who is not a member of the Land Nationalisation Society knows that the history of the English land laws for the last four centuries has been one of progress towards that rational freedom of the private owner which is anathema to Mr. WALLACE and his friends.

THE TRUTH-TELLING RADICAL.

AT a recent meeting at Maidstone Mr. BARKER stated "that he had heard that the QUEEN had invested 'one million in ground-rents.' This statement, with appendices, has been going (we love a stock phrase) the round of the papers. Painful as it may be to confess to a piece of discreditable ignorance, we know not Mr. BARKER. Maidstone, as the geography book tells us, is the county town of Kent, and is familiar, by independent knowledge, as a pleasant place on the Medway, with good inns and good rowing. Mr. BARKER, though doubtless a burning and a shining light in those parts, is, alas! less familiar. The mere newspaper reader and observer of that wonderful political world inhabited by the friends of the people, conceives of him dimly as one of many now hard at work enlightening the oppressed son of toil as to his rights. They are to be heard of and even seen in many parts, and everywhere traced by their marks on the soil. They leave behind them a trail of what the prosaic mind calls by one short word, but the true philosopher would describe as political myths. Mr. BARKER has, it would seem, employed his little fraction of poetical faculty on the affairs of HER MAJESTY the QUEEN. Less daring patriots are content with the clergy. During these last few months disinterested

persons who have the good of the agricultural labourer at heart have been busy in obscure regions in showing the parson in his true character, or in making the raw material of our new yeomanry understand all the villany of the squire. These wicked men (we mean the parson and the squire) live in large or comparatively large houses; argal, they are the natural enemies of the People. Such is the burden of the song of this race of prophets, and the echoes of it are to be heard in many parts.

Mr. BARKER, for whom, in spite of our ignorance, we entertain a great respect, has flown at higher game. He has accused the QUEEN of speculating in ground-rents. One sees what follows. Of course they are the ground-rents of slums, and yield enormous profits. The QUEEN is growing rich on the sufferings of her people; and are we free men of Kent to tolerate? &c. &c. Unfortunately, there is a little defect in Mr. BARKER's picture; just a little deficiency, and, strange to say, one which turns up not infrequently in the eloquence of Radical orators. His facts happen to be all wrong. Sir HENRY PONSONBY has had his attention called to the speech at Maidstone, and has promptly written to say that the QUEEN has "bought nothing, and possesses nothing, in the City of London." It is an honour for any Mr. BARKER to draw the fire of Sir H. PONSONBY, and we congratulate him on his triumph; but that event alone would scarcely have deserved notice. The beauty of this story lies in its general application. In the first place, we may note the courtesy and fairmindedness of the orator who brings a wholly unfounded accusation against his sovereign. There is a dignity in attacking a crowned head, and nowadays it is so safe! Then it is worth while to notice the beautiful muddle very characteristic of a certain class of politicians into which Mr. BARKER and others after him seem to have fallen. Sir H. PONSONBY, with some critical sagacity, puts his finger on the very point where Mr. BARKER has gone wrong—at least, so we suppose; for even oratorical friends of the people generally turn out of the right path through reading the signpost improperly. The Commissioners of Woods and Forests who administer the Crown Lands may have bought ground-rents; but, says Sir HENRY, what has that got to do with the QUEEN? The Crown lands are now administered by a public department under Ministerial control. What they do is dictated by political gentlemen, not by the QUEEN. Sir HENRY PONSONBY thinks it "most improbable" that the Commissioners have invested in ground-rents. According to ALIQUIS, who writes to inform the *Standard*, Sir HENRY is in the wrong. The Woods and Forests have invested in ground-rents, and have thereby done grievous wrong to worthy tradesmen who would like to have got them cheap. We note the public spirit of ALIQUIS, who thinks the owners of the ground should have been compelled to put up with a smaller profit. Still, what has all that got to do with the QUEEN? The Woods and Forests are under the control of the elect of the people. Of late years, as all the world knows, their masters have been the especial friends of the people, who somehow are only a part of the population of England. If they have used their power oppressively, whose fault is that? We are obliged to Mr. BARKER for being the instrument for raising the veil for a moment on the SATAN's invisible world of orators who are engaged in showing the new electors that their duty is to hate and despoil everybody who has the misfortune to own anything.

A LESSON FROM THE SOUDAN.

INCREDULITY is not, perhaps, an unjustifiable attitude of mind with respect to reports of the death of OSMAN DIGNA, but we almost think that even the most cautious of minds may now at last abandon it. Slain, according to the latest reports, in the battle which took place last month at Kufeih, his body, it is declared, has been identified by several people, and it ought certainly to be familiar enough—even more so, we imagine, than that of his master of saintly memory. OSMAN's death, however, is not now so important an incident as it might otherwise have been—its importance, indeed, having been largely reduced by the very event which brought it about. For it appears tolerably clear that the battle which was fatal to the MAHDI's lieutenant must also have been ruinous, or pretty nearly so, to his cause. His army were utterly routed by their Abyssinian foes; their reinforcements sent from Kassala were taken in flank and destroyed; three thousand of

them were left dead on the field, and the rest scattered over the desert. The Abyssinians themselves are said to have lost heavily; but to the Hadendowas the blow, accompanied by the death of their leader, must be a crushing one. It is only to be hoped that the victory may bear fruit in the relief of the gallant garrison of Kassala, towards which the Abyssinians are now marching. But, whether this be its result or not, the tribes who followed the MAHDI and his lieutenant may now be expected to melt away, or "to return," as the *Daily News* piously wishes, "to peaceful pursuits." We agree with our contemporary that, if they do so, OSMAN DIGNA's death "will serve them better than his life did"; but it does not follow, even if they do return to peaceful pursuits, that they themselves will be prepared to go the length of this last admission.

And we are really for the moment more concerned with another moral which the death of OSMAN DIGNA and the utter rout of his followers suggests to us. It proves that, of the three phases of opinion through which the late Government passed with respect to the Soudan rebellion—first, that the rebels were not really formidable; secondly, that they were; and, thirdly, that they were not—the first and third were in accordance with actual fact. In other words, when Mr. GLADSTONE said that the power of the MAHDI was so formidable that it must absolutely be "broken at Khartoum," he was speaking of a work which would have been comparatively easy if he had not himself made it difficult; and when a few weeks later he said that the power of the MAHDI had become so inconsiderable that it was really not worth our while to break it at Khartoum or anywhere else, he was saying what, though true at the moment, and to that extent defensive of his then policy, has formed the severest condemnation of at least one-half of his policy in the past. It would have been a defensible line of action, at any rate from the military point of view, to have allowed the MAHDI's rebellion to fall to pieces of itself—at the same time, of course, retaining a firm hold upon Egypt proper. Again, it was a defensible, and perhaps, from the moral point of view, a necessary policy, to assume the offensive against the MAHDI, with the object of recovering the Soudanese garrisons threatened by the revolt. But no Government save the Government of which we are happily rid could have contrived to combine the maximum of military ineptitude with the infimum, if we may be allowed the word, of moral discredit; to play the waiting game long enough to make default in the obligations of humanity and honour, and then to abandon the forward game just at the moment when another effort would have availed to secure its stakes. GORDON and the garrisons were made the counters in the one game; General STEWART and the comrades whose lives were wasted in the desert, to say nothing of the unfortunate Arabs who were slaughtered in thousands by Lord WOLSELEY's, and earlier still by General GRAHAM's, expedition, served for the counters in the other. Every one—we hope even the most ignorant of the new electors—knows how GORDON might have been saved; RAS ALULA, of the army of His Majesty the King of ABYSSINIA, has just shown us how easily he might have been avenged. Of a truth, Mr. GLADSTONE did not understate the case when, in that confession which has earned him the impassioned praise of his admirers, he declared that his Government had committed "grievous errors." One reason, however, why we do not share Mr. COURTNEY's enthusiasm on the subject—not, of course, the only reason—is that we feel sure that Mr. GLADSTONE has not the faintest conception of the extent or even of the character of his errors, and that a crushing defeat at the polls is alone likely to instruct him.

FAROE WHALES.

NO one can visit the Faroes without becoming very familiar with the word "grind" (short for Grindehval; Danish for bottlenosed whale) before he leaves those happy, primitive Northern Isles. He also gets familiarized with the sight of bones and other relics of the creature itself. For, wherever he goes, whale-heads, picked clean by the grey-crested Faroe ravens, excite his attention. They lie bleaching in the grass of the quaint little meadow-patches by the villages, indistinguishable at a distance from the white lichened boulders which surround them. They serve as building-material in the construction of field-walls. We have seen two set on end to compose a stile. Cows are tethered to them. And, in some places, more particularly after a comparatively recent catch, they are stacked many feet high, like a substantial and stimulating trophy of success. Next to the skulls

the separated joints of the animal's backbone are most abundant. But these, for some reason, are not so thoroughly divested of flesh as the skull, and are therefore likely to displease one's sense of sight and smell. Again, hung outside the majority of the little wooden, grass-roofed houses of the villages, are numerous wrinkled strips of a black and brown substance, not unlike indiarubber. Sometimes this substance adheres to the sides of the house, and occasionally it goes a trifle green in parts. But, be its condition what it may, to a stranger its appearance and odour are very repulsive. This is whale-meat undergoing the process of being wind-dried, whereby it may be kept and eaten months after the slaughter of the animal. And, lastly, for the tarred bladders of different shapes, bound round at one end with tarred cord, dangling here and there by the houses, the fisher-folk are also indebted to the grind; these are its stomach and intestines, and are used as floats for the fishing-nets.

If you were to ask the boys of Thorshavn (Thorshavn is the capital of the Faroes) what they would like best to see, ten to one they would reply "a herd of grind." Their fathers would, without a doubt, echo their preference. And if the leading publicist of Faroe (Sysselman Müller) were consulted as to the chief factor in the prosperity of the isles and the happiness of the inhabitants, he would affirm unhesitatingly that nothing could promote these more effectually than a catch of "grind." In brief, the "grind" may be said to give the tone to life in Faroe.

Some particulars of this sea-animal and its manner of capture in Faroe may be interesting, especially as it is also a frequent visitant to the northern shores of Scotland and the isles of Orkney and Shetland, where, from its reputed habit of calling for help to its comrades when it finds itself stranded, it goes by the name of the "ca'ing" or calling whale.

In size the grind is one of the smallest of the cetacean division of living creatures. By the side of the eighty-foot Greenland or sperm whale, or the yet more enormous orqual, it would seem almost diminutive. But it also differs from these monsters in that its capture by hundreds seldom entails the loss of a single human life. The average length of the male grind is eighteen or twenty feet, and its girth is about half its length. But the females are much smaller than the males, and would seem to be nearly twice as numerous. Sysselman Müller, who probably knows more about the grind than any other living man, examined the spoil of eight catches, consisting of 1,624 animals; of these only 545 were males, the remainder being females. Its colour is a rich resplendent black, except underneath, where it is lighter; and its smooth and glistening skin has been well compared to oiled silk. From the centre of its back rises a single stiff, curved fin, some two feet long, and it has two narrow tapering and flexible breast-fins, three or four times as long. But perhaps the most eccentric feature of the grind is its blunt snout or mouth-aperture, the upper lip of which overlaps the lower, concealing the teeth, which are then locked tightly together, those of the one jaw filling the space between those of the other.

For its food the grind depends upon the cuttle-fish and other small fishes, and it may be imagined what havoc a herd of several hundred hungry grind, of excellent and singularly rapid digestive powers, may make in a shoal of herrings, or other small fry similarly gregarious. But, though it would seem well protected from assault by its size, the grind itself has enemies in the sea as well as on land; and, not infrequently, after a catch, one or two hapless fellows are found to be tailless or finless. The Faroese ascribe this mutilation to the "Delphinus tursio," the same fish in which Pliny discerns "an air of sadness" and a slowness of movement that distinguish it from the ordinary dolphin. But the superior knowledge of Sysselman Müller leads him to make the "Delphinus orca," or grampus, responsible for these injuries. The grampus is considerably bigger than the grind, has some sixty teeth, of better calibre than the grind's forty-five or fifty, and is as voracious as he is indiscriminate in his prey and energetic. An isolated "Delphinus tursio," when by chance he gets in the middle of a herd, may act as a spur to the more timid and impressionable grind, and even aid in their capture (and his own) by bewildering and frightening them; but his food resembles that of the grind themselves.

The grind are not hunted out at sea like the larger whales. They have to be waited for, and their appearance is by no means periodic. One year a thousand may be killed throughout the islands, enriching the inhabitants by some three thousand pounds in kind, and the next year not one may show itself. Indeed, if statistics and popular tradition are to be respected, in grind, as in certain other agreeable adjuncts of life, there is a marked falling off between our day and the past. Old Faroese bewail the degeneracy of the present age.

The first authentic record of the capture of grind in the isles appears in a revenue return for 1584, as follows:—"Saint John's Day, this summer. During an awful cold and snowstorm which happened in the Faroes, were, by the providence of God and wonderful occurrence, found on the shore of the Little Dimonen iij small whales named Nyngur."

Since then a more or less complete record of the numbers captured has been kept. For instance, in the thirty-five years from 1709 to 1744 no fewer than 28,048 whales met their end upon the isles; and in the forty-six years from 1813 to 1859 as many as 52,480. Single years have produced the most various results; in 1861 the number was 341; in 1862, 1,129; in 1866, 1,752; in 1872, 2,307; in 1877, 377. Of late years the catches have been

poor, 1885 having so far rendered only about two hundred and fifty. The total number of grind killed in the Faroes during the three hundred years from 1584 to 1883 is 117,456, representing a value of about 350,000*l.* August is the best month for their capture, July, September, and June coming next in order. In the winter, though they are then in prime condition, they are rarely taken, and in small numbers only.

The excitement that pervades the islands when a "message of grind" is recognized is very remarkable. A boat out at sea may be the first to discern the creatures. Instantly a rag of some kind (a shirt, maybe) is hoisted on the mast, and the happy news is thus signalled to the shore. Thence the intelligence is carried from village to village, over mountains, across fiords and sounds, until hundreds and thousands of the inhabitants are informed of it. The little children run about in a frantic state of glee, shouting the word "Grindabo!" at each other. The women bustle and chatter, and hasten to put up some black bread and dried meat or fish for their husbands, sons, and brothers, who have already, at the earliest warning, run down to the beach and launched the whale-boats for the pursuit of the grind. And soon, from the still blue waters of the mountain fiords, boat after boat is seen pressing eagerly out to sea. This is especially the case when the grind is sighted primarily from the land; for then the boat which first comes up with the herd is entitled to the finest of the animals, after the slaughter, over and above its equitable share.

Strategy has now to be exercised. The tide has to be considered, and the place: for a herd will not face a strong tide; and not every bay is suitable for the successful capture of the animals. If, however, no good landing-place be near, and the tide be opposed to a passage towards a better one (as a whale bay is called), the grind are driven into temporary quarters, and there "laid by" until conditions are more favourable. The seaward part of the bay is guarded by boats, and the animals calmly pack themselves together as closely as possible, and await their fate. So eager are they sometimes to get what protection they can from their own bulk, that they form themselves into a huge cubic mass, the topmost members of which are impelled out of the water. Stray individuals now and again separate themselves from the rest, and either float tranquilly on the surface, or tread water deliberately, thrusting their square heads above the waves; but all are safe from escape until daybreak, when they get restless, and are ready to follow the guidance of any bold grind who may make a rush for the open sea.

Sometimes the boats have a hard chase before they can head the herd. In one instance the men were rowing in pursuit for three days, and covered nearly fifty miles of waterway ere they succeeded in the capture. But when a good bay is at hand and the tide is favourable the business is carried through very quickly. The boats form a half-circle round the herd to cut off its retreat towards the sea, and the men reduce it to a state of terrified obedience by throwing stones after it, and by beating stone and iron or tin together under the water. The sound distresses the grind, and the bubbles caused by the falling stones excite an almost insuperable fear within them. They hurry before the boats and the showers of stones like sheep before a shepherd's dog; and thus they soon approach the place destined for their destruction.

The boats now marshal themselves in three rows between the head of the bay and the fated grind; so that if by any chance they take fright and attempt a bolt, some opposition may be made, and a turn if possible effected. Then one boat pulls into the herd, and a man stationed in the prow wounds one of the animals with his lance. This wounded grind charges through the others, spreading the utmost terror in all directions. A panic ensues, and a rush forward is made by some of the animals, who thus get stranded on the sloping beach of the bay, where they are speedily killed by the islanders in wait for them. The other boats of the first row in the meantime pull into the herd, and in a few hours several hundred grind will be lying gasped and still, drawn up on the shore, there to be numbered and valued by the Crown officer and special appraisers.

The apportionment of the grind, which immediately succeeds the death of the last animal, is a little complicated for the understanding of any but Faroese. But, briefly, when a tenth of the whole has been deducted (which tenth is divided equally between the Crown, the Church, and the pastor of the parish), and certain allowances for damage to boats and individuals, board and lodging to the slaughterers, and general charities, also subtracted, the remainder is divided into four equal parts, of which the men engaged in the capture and the population of the parish jointly take three parts, the other part going to the landowner on whose property the slaughter and division are accomplished.

An average grind will yield meat and blubber (which is for the most part melted into oil) in worth about 3*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* A herd of only two hundred grind, successfully landed, will therefore be worth to the Faroese nearly 700*l.*—no small sum, remembering that the whole fund of the Faroe Savings Bank stands at only 106,861 kroner (about 6,000*l.*). But, in this primitive community, actual money (though well appreciated) is of less consequence to the people than money's worth. The whales supply them with a store of meat; it is on account of this that they are specially jubilant. For months after the capture there will be plenty of feasting in all the houses within the district of the killing. Some of the meat will be roasted and thus eaten fresh, though most of it will be pickled. As to the blubber, what is not reduced into oil will be consumed as butter, or dried, salted, and eaten like fat bacon in England.

An Englishman, accustomed to the viands of a somewhat warmer latitude than that of the Faroes, is disposed to scoff at whale-meat as something barbaric and unpalatable. He imagines, may be, that it is a substance like a jelly-fish, only made more disgusting by being saturated with oil *ad nauseam*. Anxious, therefore, to be enlightened, and to overcome prejudice in this matter, the writer besought to have a whale-dinner set before him during his stay in Thorshavn. But it was long before the lady who attended to his wants would accede to his request.

"You want to laugh at us!" she said, at first, with mild rebuke in her tones. "You think we are savages here in Faroe; but it is not so at all. The whale is a very good friend to us, and we that are born in Faroe like his meat, and are very grateful for all the good he brings us."

Excuses were tendered to her, and she was assured that the request was made from motives purely scientific, with perhaps a little of shy appetite in the background. But the lady merely wagged her head in a state of firm persistence.

"It is just like beef—it is, when fresh," she continued, apologetically. "But we have none fresh in Thorshavn now. You should have asked for it when in Sudero, the other day, where the catch was. Oh, it is very good cut from the whale just dead, and put at once to the fire. And I have seen an English gentleman in Shetland, when I was visiting there, take a nice little bit on a fork, and hold it to the fire for a few minutes only, and put it in his mouth only warm; and he liked it well. But that was fresh, and it is very different dried."

Presently the lady bade us follow her into the yard to see what we asked for. She led us into a limited triangle of space, the stones of which were slimy with damp and the presence of ducks and poultry (with their young ones), cats, and one or two tame seabirds. On one side brawled a stream, bottomed with countless cods' heads, on its way down from the mountains into the sea hard by. The live stock on the land seemed to be existing lethargically in a sublime condition of dirt—save the cats, who were washing themselves with enthusiasm. And certain of the ducks in the stream were quarrelling about the cods' heads, which they tore frantically to pieces out of each other's bills.

"Now, what you say?" questioned the lady, pointing to a wooden ledge against the tarred wooden wall of the house, from which, besides fish of different kinds and different odours, in various stages of entirety, there hung a row of what seemed to be thick, dark-coloured ropes, some twisted as if electrically convulsed; "if you like now, you shall have some."

But the writer was not deterred or intimidated by the lady's dramatic appeal to his sensibilities. He was determined to dine on whale for once in a way. And so it was settled that he should have his wish, and accept all responsibility for the consequences.

In truth, however, the consequences were not very terrible. The portion of whale came smoking to table, looking like a piece of cut-cavendish tobacco. It was black as coal, hard, and rather strong smelling. And by the side of it, as native accompaniments, were mustard and fat pork, cold. But when it came to be tasted it was far from bad; somewhat more sinewy than an ancient ox, and demanding much mastication; for the rest, with a flavour of its own that gives it an important individuality as an article of food.

The Faroe doctors say that whale-meat is the most invigorating meat in the world—for Faroemen; and this is credible. But it must be acknowledged, on the other hand, that Faroemen, like the grind themselves, have exceptionally good digestions. As for the blubber, or "spek," as it is called when it becomes a salted comestible, the Faroese speak of it as a luxury; and their opinion may pass current uncriticized.

THE ABOLITION OF SCHOOL-FEES.

BEFORE the country pronounces on the question of "free-schools," it may be worth while to inquire how their adoption is likely to affect the quality of elementary instruction. One might think that this, the interest of the children of the "toiling millions," would be a paramount consideration with Radical orators. But apparently they are just now too intent on dangling a bribe before the parents to give a thought to the children. Not having votes, the children are a *quantité négligeable*. Indeed, to read Mr. Chamberlain, one might suppose them the objects of his political animosity, so absorbed is he with the injustice and hardships which they occasion to their parents—those poor, distressed parents, who, now that bridges are free, and turnpikes removed, are still compelled to put their hands in their pockets for a small quota of the cost of educating beings whom they have had some share in bringing into the world.

That the abolition of "fees" will be a most serious blow to the efficiency of elementary schools admits not of doubt. For nothing is more certain than that it will give a vast impulse to irregular attendance. What that evil is, especially in the rural districts, upon which the Birmingham Jove is just now descending in a shower of golden promises, may be gathered from the last Education Blue Book; as well as the faint and half-hearted attempts of local authority to grapple with it. What proportions it is destined to assume, after being fanned into fresh activity by the breath of party spirit, will remain to be written when Mr. Chamberlain has

succeeded in mutilating the work of his former colleague, Mr. Forster, and putting back the clock of recent educational progress.

All experience shows that free scholars are synonymous with intermittent scholars. There is hardly an elementary school in the Kingdom which has not a small percentage of them—the torment and despair of their teachers. It is now many years since an attempt—a kindly and laudable attempt—was made to provide free education on a large scale for the poorest children of our great towns. With what result? That, owing to the nomad habits of the scholars and the indifference of the parents, the instruction so provided proved to be worthless—nay, eventually mischievous—since it ended by furnishing children of a higher class than the intended beneficiaries with so many snug Alsatias whence they could defy the threats of the School Board visitor. Yet these children are precisely the class in whose interest Mr. Chamberlain proposes to sweep away all fees. From parents such as theirs, we fancy, must have emanated the doleful budget of correspondence unfolded at Warrington. These are the children who, as he asserts, are kept from school by the demand of a fee. This, no doubt, was the view entertained by the excellent promoters of the Ragged School Union; a little musty perhaps, a little out of date, a little discredited by the result, still all the more in need on that account of the voice and support of a great popular leader.

One might carry research further, and ask whether, in the case of children of a distinctly higher class, the "free" system has proved a success. The old unreformed Endowed schools were to a great extent "free." Did "freedom" conduce to efficiency? The Report of the Schools Inquiry Commissioners will furnish an answer to the question. Reorganized on the principle of limited "freedom," they are doing good work. And this is exactly the footing on which elementary schools at present stand, and which Mr. Chamberlain, on the strength of three "pathetic" letters, is seeking to disturb.

What magic, it may be asked, is there in a school-fee? First, it appeals to the commercial instinct in English men and women, from which perhaps Mr. Chamberlain himself is not wholly exempt. This has been well expressed in a letter which appeared in the *Spectator* of September 26. Quoting a "National Schoolmaster of great experience," the writer says:—"He told me that some of his pupils are allowed to attend school without payment, and that these are the most irregular; while parents who have to expend money in fees are determined to have their money's worth, and consequently try to secure the regular attendance of children whose education has in their eyes a money value." But this is far from being all the advantage. The fee is a link between the school and the home. By its means the parent is brought face to face with the teacher, is interested in what is being done for his child, learns to appreciate it, learns to co-operate in it, and in learning this, becomes himself the unconscious recipient of an education of the highest value. This reflex action of the school upon the home is the secret by which the best teachers make their impression and win their success.

Then the fee is a link between the scholar and his school. It gives a certain amount of fixity to their relation. Where schools are thick, as in London, there is a constant temptation to circulate from one to another. This kind of attendance may be defined as *genus*, irregular; *species*, migratory. To what extent it prevails is known only to the unhappy schoolmaster, who finds in the course of one short year the *personnel* of his school undergoing a series of kaleidoscopic variations. This evil the abolition of fees will directly tend to intensify. With half a dozen schools within reach, and all of them "free," the most trivial circumstance, a passing whim, will set the "free" scholar rolling. "Roundabout" instruction will be reduced to a system.

Lastly, the school-fee lends itself to various methods for stimulating, improving, and continuing school attendance—*e.g.* the institution of small scholarships; the return of a percentage on the school money when a certain number of attendances has been completed; the application of money held in trust for the benefit of the poor to the payment of fees for prolonging the school life of deserving but needy scholars, who would otherwise leave to go to work.

School-fees once abolished, we are brought to the consideration of Mr. Chamberlain's expedient for replacing them. As the object of these remarks is simply to show that the proposed change will be disastrous to elementary schools and to the children taught in them, we pass by the injustice of relieving one class of the community of a statutory obligation at the expense of another, and the hardship with which Mr. Chamberlain asserts that the poor parent pays, in proportion, more heavily for the education of his children than the classes immediately above him. No one will be the dupe of random talk of this kind. For our purpose it is enough to know that the million and three-quarters which the fees represent will be replaced out of taxation and distributed in the form of an increased grant to each school. Now, in order to be as sure a revenue to managers as the school pence now are, this increase of grant must take the form of an addition—a very substantial addition—to what is known as the "Fixed" Grant. The "fixed" grant is that part of the grant which is independent of examination; it is the least stimulating form of State aid; it connotes no efficiency of teaching; it is of the nature of an endowment, and, under altered conditions, it is quite capable of developing the vices of an endowment. If its operation has not been hitherto mischievous, it is because the proportion which it bears to the total grant is comparatively small. Doubled, and

more than doubled, as it will be, on Mr. Chamberlain's plan, it will be a stride in the direction of "payment irrespective of results." It will tend to put the good school and the bad school, the idle and the industrious teacher, in regard to State aid, upon an equality. Whether their works be good or evil, on both a big lump sum will annually descend, not indeed quite big enough to enable them to snap their fingers at examination, but quite big enough to diminish the importance of its results. And for this "unearned increment" they will have to thank—of all men—Mr. Chamberlain. Was ever proposal so reactionary? Clearly its author has been looking for an educational policy on the Katskills.

As all that affects the home of the working-man re-acts upon the school which his children use, it is not straying from our point to ask whether the abolition of school-fees will tend to make parents soberer, thrifter, more self-respecting? Those who are sober, and thrifty, and self-respecting desire no change. They are quite satisfied to pay for their children's schooling. But, unhappily, there are parents of another sort—parents who combine improvident habits with convivial tempers. To such the school-fee will be a windfall. It is not difficult to forecast the future destination of a portion, at least, of the million and three-quarters—that "cruel" tax, or highest duty, from which Mr. Chamberlain burns to relieve them. There is no need of that play of subtle and ingenious fancy which Hamlet expends on tracing Imperious Caesar. Its passage will be more direct. Taking wing from the school, it will find a nest in an ampler exchequer, under the head of increased consumption of alcoholic liquors. Thus, if Mr. Chamberlain succeeds in retarding the progress of one department of the Executive, he will at least have the satisfaction of greasing the wheels of another. But how will this prospect suit his good friend and supporter Sir Wilfrid Lawson?

It is a curious instance of the "fetish" of a phrase that even so intelligent a man as Mr. Chamberlain should have brought himself to believe that by decreeing "free" schools he can fill them, or so entirely to misconceive the situation as to suppose that the children of England are waiting for the removal of fees to come into school in their thousands. In one respect he shows himself a skilful tactician. He has contrived in his addresses to forget one-half of the Radical formula on education. We all know it—"free" and *compulsory*. Compulsion is a word of ill-omened sound, hardly calculated to excite much enthusiasm among the newly enfranchised. It would have jarred on the sensibility of the Warrington audience melted to pity over the three anonymous victims of the school-fee. Yet it is quite certain that if schools are to be free, compulsion must be made more drastic, and the attendance-officer armed with scorpions instead of whips. Otherwise school-places will empty. At present, after fifteen years of nominal compulsion, they are not three-quarters full. It is well that the new electors should clearly understand that, in accepting Mr. Chamberlain's "plank," they will be assenting to one of two things—the depletion of schools and consequent worsening of their children's instruction, or the fresh and sharper harring of themselves at the hands of the School Board visitor.

VIOLINS AT THE INVENTIONS EXHIBITION.

OLD pictures, old engravings, old china, old furniture, and other kinds of curios have their connoisseurs, to whose intelligence and taste these efforts of human genius and art-industry appeal chiefly through the eye. It is somewhat different with fiddles, although they also have external characteristics, which claim through the sense of sight cognizance and admiration in such matters as outline, arching, curve, and colour, and have long been fairly well known—are, indeed, "kenspeckle," as they say in Scotland. They have, of course, an interest for the antiquarian sense, whose observation is mainly directed to the chronological development of the industry—a much wider and altogether more important field of inquiry, in some respects, than that which attracts the attention of the ordinary fiddle-fancier. But a genuine enthusiasm for certain makes of violins takes note of all these points, chiefly as indices of the probable presence of what, to an observer armed with this sentiment, is a much greater quality—that of tone. In the historic collection at Kensington there is not lacking matter of antiquarian interest; but the tone period absorbs almost undivided attention, because of the unprecedented array of beautiful specimens of violin manufacture, dating from about 1560 onwards; and the manner in which these instruments are classified in the Albert Hall is highly satisfactory. When one considers the limits of the gallery, and the unusually large number of examples shown, there is little room left for anything but gratitude to those who have so well performed the task of arranging them. Had it been possible to double the number of cases, each violin might have been vertically suspended, so as to afford equally favourable views of backs and fronts; but, owing to the copiousness of the gathering, it has been necessary so to place the instruments that upper or lower tables—as good judgment determined—have been left in deep shadow. The disappointment occasionally resulting from this circumstance, being solely due to the generous response of the lenders, must without a murmur be thankfully borne, and all the more thankfully as it is easy to see that careful hands have in favourable places striven to minimize this disappointment by admitting to the interspaces as much light as was possible.

The tale of thanks and compliments would be complete could one honestly award similar commendation to the Executive Council, under whose auspices the "Guide" to this unsurpassed collection has been issued. With the exception of the introductory survey with which Mr. Hipkins has endeavoured to save it from perdition, it has few features of interest, and many a sale catalogue of a scratch auction is compiled with equal intelligence. Such as it is, it must serve.

Although prior to the dates usually assigned to the work of Gasparo da Salò larger instruments approximating to the shape of our present violin were not unknown, the definite mark of this maker comes with an air of suddenness. There are no intervening steps to mark a gradual development. This new departure, or rather new arrival, is illustrated at Kensington by no less than five high-class specimens—three violas and two violins—from the hands of Gasparo da Salò, of Brescia, the earliest known violin-maker. Of the artist's personality nothing whatever can be said beyond what imaginative people may deduce from the character of his work. His tickets—where accepted as authentic—are all that remain of his name and address, and give no indication of any kind as to the time at which he lived. But he is supposed, on reasonable grounds, to have been a maker from about 1560 to 1610. The dates of the above fine examples are given in the Catalogue as about 1580; but these figures refer to the "period," and not to the individual instruments. This period is now made to appear twenty years less remote than hitherto. Probably the ground for this alteration is as reasonable as that for the original 1560; but all the five specimens differ from each other in style, unless the sound-holes of one of the violas have been altered by some person before fiddles became the objects of a cult. The violin which hangs in Case XX. appears to have been pulled somewhat out of shape; but it really suffers very little by comparison, in one respect, with the magnificent Stradivari violoncello beside which it hangs. The arching of the upper table is almost, if not quite, equal to that of its bulkier companion. In both it rises truly and imperceptibly. But if any one has a doubt that Stradivari is the master, let him look at the sound-holes in this cello. While lingering around this case, let the observer mark the Ruggerius violoncello of 1695. What a splendidly-proportioned thing it is, so far as outline goes! But let him examine its archings and sound-holes, then go round again to the corner and note those of Stradivari, and he will at once see where Ruggerius as workman and artist fails. In Case VI. lies the Tyssen-Amherst Gaspar, one of the most famous instruments in the world. Its upper table is more strongly arched than that of the violin already referred to, but how exquisitely it is all done! It is a violin which should be thoroughly well scanned by those who have not seen it before. There is not a case in the gallery that does not merit close attention, but this one must excite deep interest in the minds of fiddle-fanciers, for it contains the most superb specimens of the Brescian school that could be brought together. Besides three magnificent violas by this same maker, there are three by his pupil G. P. Maggini, one alone of which would raise the latter to the rank of an artist of the highest class. It is difficult to expect anything grander or more majestic—if one may be pardoned the use of such words in connexion with fiddles—than this wonderful tenor. In the same case may be seen another beautiful example of Maggini, which has, unfortunately, at some time been in the possession of one of those persons who nibble at violins with their knives under the impression, perhaps, that their makers' hands had left them somewhat incomplete. Here, also, may be seen Mr. Croall's fine Maggini violin, whose left sound-hole has received similar attentions. It is a beautiful example in otherwise most desirable preservation, and almost looks as if it had got new ribs.

Passing to the Amati cases, the Queen's viola by the Brothers certainly demands attention for the singular beauty of its outline, whatever it may have been originally. It is singular because there is literally not another example in the loan whose outline pursues the same career. The upper table displays a splendid choice of wood, and the arching of the back rises straight from the margins. What remains of the painting of St. John does not detract from the charms of the instrument, because the remnant is not much, and is good art; but there are other examples of painted fiddles which cannot be so easily exonerated from a charge of incongruity. It should not be difficult for any one to see that coats-of-arms and other paintings are lamentably out of place on a violin claiming to be a work of art as a violin.

There is an interesting Nicolas Amati in Case VII. It is highly arched, and has a beautiful back in two pieces, with finely figured ribs and fully-developed corners—rather dog-nosed, if anything. It has golden-brown varnish, and is, or was, reckoned to be one of the finest productions of this greatest of the Amatis. As an example of the first of this family—Andreas—commonly called the founder of the Cremonese school, there is on view, in Case XIV., the famous violoncello presented to Charles IX. by Pius V., of which it is not easy to say much which could not be said of its very clever copy by Betts, also on view in Case XIX. and lent by Signor Piatti, and which, besides showing the paint in its original abundance, displays the wood to very great advantage over the model, in which there is not the same care in selection as makers displayed later on and shortly before, but the purfling is exquisite and the margins are fine. It received the name of "The King," and although it has long been an uncrowned one, it will always have an absorbing interest for violin antiquaries.

In Case VIII. is to be found another instrument, said to be by

the same maker. About the year 1566 Andreas—or, according to some, a brother, Nicolas—made for the same monarch a suite of twenty-four instruments for the Chapelle Royale. During the first French Revolution all these disappeared. Five years later J. B. Cartier, a famous French violinist, became a member of the Chapel band, and, it is stated, discovered two of the missing instruments, which he described as of remarkably fine workmanship and charming tone. This violin is said to be one of these. A viola, in some ways companion to the Queen's, is lent by Lieut. Colonel Sandys. Better abused with paint and gilding, it starts with the same beautiful outline, but suddenly squares up. It is marked by the same fine choice of wood for the upper table, and the subject of its decoration on the back is the Crucifixion. The Amati show is rich in some half-dozen fine specimens of the brothers Anthony and Jerome, and a violoncello by them in Case XIV., and lent by Messrs. Hill, only lacks somewhat less precision in matching up the back to entitle it to carry the palm from even the Sanctus Seraphin in the adjoining case—so far, at least, as regards external beauty.

Jacob Stainer, with several fine examples of his work in Case XVI., has a beautiful representative in what is perhaps the best preserved specimen known, that belonging to M. Delphin Alard. It is a bright and beautiful piece, and has been well cared for, except in respect of the middle right upper margin, which has been sadly nibbled by some one's bow-nut. The same treatment, or maltreatment, is visible in Signor Arditi's fine Stradivari. These full, rapid, tone-developing strokes do a little mischief sometimes.

Amid the bright little forest of fiddles, Case XII. shows some superb examples of Joseph del Jesu; notably that belonging to Mr. Heath, with its splendid back and beautiful tint of varnish; as well as Mr. Orchar's violin, illustrating this maker's fine judgment in the choice of his wood when he had the chance, and also that quality in a violin-maker which is called originality. Joseph Guarnerius, as is well known to those who interest themselves in violins, brought to his task an individuality which is really impressed upon his work in a way not visible in that of any other maker, with the exceptions of Gaspar, Maggini, Nicolas Amati, and Stradivari. It is not, of course, any result of haphazard experiment. It has nothing to do with experiment in that sense. It is rather the capacity to combine the experience of others with his own; to control both receptive and creative powers by a sound intelligence which, as in the cases of these great makers, produces a new style. At any rate, there it is, unmistakable, like the characteristics of handwriting, which many may imitate more or less closely, but which one alone creates. There is a 1727 specimen, brought to this country by the late Ole Bull, which, of very fine character in other respects, displays the more salient points of style almost to exaggeration, and another of date 1744—one year before his death, as reported by Bergonzi—which may be said to be most pronounced. There is a fine viola in the same case by Andreas Guarnerius.

The wealth and importance of this wonderful collection may be realized when it is noted that in IX., X., and XI. there are about two dozen works by the greatest maker of all, Antonio Stradivari. These are, almost without exception, instruments of the highest class. Here may be seen the famous Fountaine-Plowden violin of date 1711, and the equally, if not more, famous Cesole of 1716. Both of these are splendid specimens of what is called the "grand" pattern, and both now belong to Mr. Croall. The Cesole has dark reddish-brown varnish, with a flush of gold over it. The ribs are somewhat plain and the back taken up almost from the margins, with just the minutest possible hump in the centre. The margins and corners are very fine, the former being of medium gauge, while the figure of the back and its matching are all that could be wished. The tone is of superb quality. The margins of the Fountaine-Plowden are not so large as those of the Cesole, while the arching of the back begins a little earlier. The purfling is perfect. The former instrument was the favourite of the Comte de Cesole, who was a warm friend to Paganini, and it would be interesting to know when it came into his possession; for if Artot, its previous owner, ceded it to the distinguished amateur a few years before his own death, which followed that of Paganini but by a single lustre, it is in the highest degree probable that the fingers of that great virtuoso had frequently pressed its finger-board. It was the Comte de Cesole who received the dying Paganini on the occasion of his last visit to Nice, and surrounded him with all the attention which even the fondest parent could have bestowed. It was from Nice on that occasion the magician wrote to his friend Berlioz:—"If God permit, I shall see you again next spring. I hope I am getting better here. Hope alone remains. Adieu. Love me as I love you." The meeting was not to be; but some years afterwards Berlioz was himself at Nice seeking health, and one night, while he lay dreaming over the memory of his dead friend—for the little villa where his body had rested for three weeks after his death was pointed out to him on the previous day—the sounds of a violin reached his ear, and the music was Paganini's own variations on "The Carnival." This was sufficiently startling, for no one at that time was supposed to be acquainted with them. It was Count Cesole, standing alone at the base of the tower in which Berlioz was lodged, serenading his living friend with the music of their dead one, drawn, in all probability, from this very violin, now almost the flower of the flock at Kensington.

BUDDHIST THEOSOPHY.

NO apology certainly can be needed for calling attention once more to what a writer in the *Church Quarterly* quite rightly describes as "the great religion of the world," in point of numbers, seeing that it counts among its adherents some 500,000,000 souls, or forty per cent. of the whole human race. It has indeed to be remembered that Buddhism, like some other great world-religions, is not altogether at unity with itself. There is a marked divergence between its Northern and Southern types, and the Buddhism of Thibet—or, as it is there commonly called, Lamaism—is not the same thing as the Buddhism of the cultured Singhalese. It might also be said with truth—but neither is that a singularity of Buddhism—that the philosophical system, as found in the sacred books and maintained by the learned—we say the philosophical system, for Buddhism is really rather a philosophy than a religion—differs widely from the popular cult, which often becomes in practice little more than a form of unintelligent idolatry. Still, after making all deductions, a religion so called which in some form prevails among considerably over a third of mankind, must be allowed to be at least an interesting subject of study. And there are moreover special reasons which of late have given it an accidental prominence, as is indicated by the long list of works prefixed to the article in the *Church Quarterly*. One work indeed, of fully equal importance to any he has cited, is curiously conspicuous by its absence, and is never once mentioned by the reviewer, though it would have greatly strengthened his argument. We mean Dr. Kellogg's *Light of Asia and Light of the World*, which traverses the extravagant claims lately put forward for Buddhism by writers like Mr. Edwin Arnold, as anticipating if not transcending both in its historical and ethical—we can hardly say theological—value the highest teachings of Christianity. Two chief causes have combined to vindicate for the great Asiatic religion this proud pre-eminence in modern European thought. One only is noticed by the reviewer, on which we may have a word to say presently, but to which he appears to us to attach a disproportionate significance, the amusing but nearly exploded craze of "Esoteric Buddhism." But it is also true that a certain school of German thinkers, of higher intellectual pretensions than the disciples of Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Sinnett, of whom Schopenhauer may be taken as the typical representative, have been fascinated not by the noblest but by the least estimable elements of the Buddhist scheme, its pessimism and its atheistic fatalism. And thus, both on its philosophical and its mystical or magical side, it has of late years engaged the attention of Europe to a degree previously unknown. Buddhism viewed in its historical development presents, as the reviewer rightly observes, the double aspect of an ethical rule and an indeterminate system of ontological philosophy. Of this double character the ethical is of course the most important side, so far as Buddhism claims to be a religion, and it is also in itself the noblest of the two. As Dr. Kellogg says, "the best in Buddhism is its system of morals." And that system appeals for its origin and sanction to the teaching and example of the founder, Buddha or Sakyamuni. Even in the middle ages a vague tradition about him had made its way into Europe, and took shape in the legendary hagiography of St. Barlaam and St. Josaphat. It has recently been idealized in its most attractive form for English readers in Mr. Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*, which viewed simply as a poem few would feel tempted to criticize harshly, and the author may have intended it to be accepted simply in that light. But others at all events—like Renan and Seydel—have treated the matter more seriously, and have deliberately undertaken to derive Christianity from Buddhism, chiefly on the score of the alleged close coincidence in the lives of the respective founders of the two systems. How close that resemblance has been supposed to be may be inferred from the summary cited by Dr. Kellogg from another German writer, Dr. Eitel, in his *Lectures on Buddhism*, who thus draws out the alleged parallel:—"Sakyamuni, we are told, came from heaven, was born of a virgin, welcomed by angels, received by an old saint endowed with prophetic vision, presented in a temple, baptized with water and afterwards with fire. He astonished the most learned doctors by his understanding and answers. He was led by the Spirit into the wilderness, and after being tempted by the devil went about preaching and doing wonders. He became the friend of publicans and sinners, was transfigured on a mountain, descended into hell and ascended into heaven." In two particulars only the parallel fails, the two by the way commended by Talleyrand to the special notice of the sceptical friend who was bemoaning his ill success in the endeavour to start a new religion. He is not reported to have been crucified and to have risen from the grave. It is hardly necessary to say that on close investigation the alleged parallel breaks down in nearly all its specific details.

Still it remains true that Sakyamuni is a grand and impressive figure, and that his ethical teaching supplies the noblest element of Buddhism, though it is far indeed from being really an echo, still a less pre-announcement, of the Sermon on the Mount. It rests at bottom, as we intimated just now, on a purely atheistic and pessimist basis; it recognizes no free will in this world, though it inculcates a pure if somewhat negative and unpractical morality, and it points to no better heaven than a state of otiose and unconscious absorption or *nirvana* hereafter. But it has the further drawback for working purposes, that it is, as the reviewer words it, "the rule of a monastic order," little adapted to the exigencies of ordinary life. It is based on the fundamental prin-

ciple that existence is itself suffering, and therefore it is better not to exist, and meanwhile the nearer one can approach that condition by extricating oneself from the Maya or phenomenal world, which "is nothing and illusion," the better. It is in accordance with this view that "the having of individuality" is declared to be one of the three great delusions which are fatal to the attainment of the Buddhist standard of perfection, the other two being a doubt respecting the teaching of Buddha and a belief in the efficacy of outward rites. The leading notion however is that of *Karma* or desert—which is the sum total or moral result of all a man's acts, words, and wishes during his whole life; "what we are is the fruit of that which we have done." But on that doctrine—which takes the concrete shape of the metempsychosis—we have had opportunities of dwelling before now, and we need not return to it here. The principal point to which the writer in the *Church Quarterly* is anxious to draw attention is one which has also more than once been noticed in our columns, and he appears to us, as we have said, to attach an exaggerated importance to it. Still he has some curious little facts to communicate about the latest developments of the new "Theosophical" movement which are worth a passing word.

It is not long since we had occasion to notice the last work published by Mr. A. P. Sinnett, the chief prophet and spokesman of Esoteric Buddhism or "Occultism" in this country, and those who happen to be acquainted with it will certainly have no hesitation in agreeing with the *Church Quarterly* that the alleged "occult" phenomena, supposing for argument's sake they are admitted to have occurred, are hardly the kind of "signs and wonders" fitted to authenticate a new Evangel. There appears however to be a class of minds for which either the logic or—shall we say—the legerdemain of the Theosophists has an attraction, if we may judge from the circumstance that since the institution ten years ago in the United States of the "Theosophical Society" by Colonel Olcott—who was reported not long ago in the Indian newspapers to have publicly avowed himself a Buddhist—it has ramified into no less than 108 branches, of which however 94 are in Asia, the remaining fourteen being divided between Europe, which has seven, North America with six, and Australasia with one. They devote their energies, it seems, some to the prosecution of spiritualism and psychical research, a great many to mesmerism, psychopathy—whatever that may be—and animal magnetism. But the President proclaims it the supreme object of the Association "to effect a revival of pure exoteric Buddhism and a union of Buddhist nations for this purpose." And the strange thing is that there have been a few converts already—it may be hoped very few—from Christianity to "pure exoteric Buddhism." The following marvellous report of the formal reception of an English clergyman into the Buddhist community at Colombo is quoted from an Indian newspaper:—

"I take my refuge in Buddha! I take my refuge in the law! I take my refuge in the order!" The *Pasadi* ceremony was administered by the High Priest, the Rev. H. Sumangala, Principal of the Vidyodaya College at Colombo, who was assisted by the Rev. T. Amaramoli, a Buddhist priest, both of whom recited the *Pirit* (blessings) used on such occasions. Among those present were Col. Olcott, Madame Blavatsky, and a number of passengers from the *Navarino*, by which Mr. Leadbeater had arrived, and many prominent native citizens of Ceylon. On being requested by the High Priest to state his reasons why he desired to be a follower of Lord Buddha, Mr. Leadbeater stated that it was his desire to arrive at the truth expressed in a purer form in Buddhism than in any other system with which he was acquainted. He further stated that while the Christian doctrines were all based upon hearsay evidence and upon doubtful authority, and required him to believe many unreasonable things, the teaching of Gautama Buddha, which stands forth most prominently, is that we should believe nothing which our reason cannot accept as true, because faith, to be lasting, must be based upon sound reason and common sense.

And what makes these recent conversions—or perversions—the more unintelligible is the fact, of which the reviewer gives plenty of detailed evidence, that the peculiar "phenomena," of which Madame Blavatsky—herself apparently a convert from the Russian Church—is a chief prophetess and performer, have been of late rather more conspicuously exposed than before. There has at all events been a battle royal in India between the Committee of the Theosophical Society and certain missionaries of the Scottish Free Church at Madras, in which other writers have also taken part, notably Madame Coulomb, who has published *Some Account of my Interviews with Madame Blavatsky from 1872 to 1884, with a full Explanation of the most Marvellous Theosophical Phenomena*. And it does not look as if the Theosophists were by any means getting the best of it. Indeed the last news reported from India on the subject is of "the collapse—partly actual, partly impending—of the Theosophical movement." Such at any rate is Madame Coulomb's view of the matter, who declares that she took steps to bring the questions at issue to a legal decision, upon which "Madame Blavatsky, who would have been one of the two principal witnesses in the case, left India and sailed for Europe"; and she adds that this was done by the urgent direction of "the chief men of the Society." How that may be we are of course unable to determine, but on another and more important point there appears to be no room for doubt:—

What, however, is apparently certain is that the elaborate "Report" of the Theosophical Society issued in defence of Madame B. has now been withdrawn, containing, as Mr. R. Ragoonath Row admits, "untruths and non-genuine documents," the work of unscrupulous friends of Madame B." (*J. C. May* 30).

In the May number of the *Theosophist* also there is a special circular addressed by Colonel Olcott to the presidents of all branch Theosophical Societies, in which he repudiates all connexion of the Theosophical movement with occult phenomena.

In no case certainly could one desire the success of a movement which, taking it at its best, and assuming its entire harmony with the original Buddhism, would only promote the revival of what the reviewer calls a system "at once atheistic and fatalist, subjecting all things to the grinding and multiplied injustices of a blind Necessity, instead of conceiving them as guided by an Intelligent Will." Meanwhile, however, we must frankly confess that, on hearing of the claim of this new-fangled Theosophical sect to represent the lofty, however defective and inconsequent, teaching of Sakyamuni, we were irresistibly reminded of the poet's comment on the alleged Egyptian pedigree of our modern gipsy fortune-tellers:—

Lo, Mizraim's kingerft, of its glory reft,
Is shrunk to petty deeds of midnight theft;
Lo, Egypt's wisdom only lives to pry
Through the dark arts of paltry palmistry.

To turn from the stately, if somewhat Stoic, grandeur of the old historic Buddhism to the pitiful pranks of the prophets and prophetesses of occult Theosophy is to pass at a bound from the sublime to the ridiculous.

PICTURE EXHIBITIONS.

THE picture by Meissonier now on show at the Hanover Gallery is described as the largest of his works ever shown in this country. Largest and best have even less connexion than usual in the works of this painter, and we have seen many pictures of his better than "The Postilion." With M. Meissonier, however, one makes the comparison between his work at its best and not at its best. The picture is certainly not pleasing. A decidedly commonplace postilion and two very ordinary post-horses do not make a charming picture; but, granted that it is legitimate to paint such things, if only it is done soundly, then "The Postilion" is a good picture. The man lights his pipe naturally, the horses are in the act of stepping, the landscape is the first slip of road taken at random. The whole is firmly drawn, and, if the colour is cold, it is harmonious enough in its frigid way. M. Munkacsy's landscape is a very rough memorandum of a peculiar atmospheric effect, with what stand for trees and other features of a landscape; but, though it may have been useful for the artist himself as the record of a passing impression, it is worthless when exhibited in a picture gallery, the more so as a figure, or what does duty for a figure, has been painted into the middle of the sketch, and destroys any harmony of line or colour it can ever have had. Near these two is a portrait—or a so-called portrait—by M. Campotosto, of an exalted lady as "Queen of Flowers." The caricature of the likeness is only equalled by the crudeness and roughness of a wreath of roses, and, as the Catalogue informs us, "a heather emblematic of good fortune," which surrounds the head. Fortunately neither this deplorable work, nor the Munkacsy, nor the inferior Meissonier, forms the whole of the exhibition at the Hanover Gallery. "La Danseuse," by M. Bertier, is a splendid example of the modern vulgar French school. No fault is to be found with the drawing, the painting, the likeness to the original—we can hardly say to nature—but the whole thing is unpleasant, and might be considered unprofitable, unless as a text for one of the present Bishop of London's very curious discourses on the sinfulness of going to see a ballet danced. M. Feyen-Perrin's "Return from Fishing" looks a little flat and off colour, but a coat of varnish would probably "fetch it up." The subject is thoroughly well known here, and is as familiar as photography can make it. Some other pictures of the modern French school and a few sculptures and bronzes make up the contents of a Gallery where the afternoon may be pleasantly spent if the visitor looks at the minor pictures, and is not compelled, like the critic, to spend time over the failures of artists who have gained great names by better work. A sea-piece by M. Alfred Stevens, M. Ferrier's "Guardian Angel," and some drawings by M. Verboeckhoven should not be passed without notice.

Messrs. Boussod and Valadon, successors to Messrs. Goupil, exhibit, at their gallery in Bond Street, a picture by Herr R. Friese, "The Brigands of the Desert," which was in the Paris Salon last summer, where, although it is by a German, it was "médaillé." It represents a lion and lioness peering over a rocky precipice at an Arab encampment. The sun has set, and the light is of that clear, shadowless kind seen only in the tropics, and only just before the darkness sets in. Altogether it is a very fine picture, full of truth and spirit. Four smaller works and some sketches by the same artist are also exhibited.

The Old Society has again lent the rooms in Pall Mall to the photographers. In the exhibition which opened on Monday the Photographic Society of Great Britain gives us fresh examples of the extraordinary strides their invention is making in rapidity, accuracy, and delicacy, and fresh proofs of the falsity of the prophecy that photography would ruin art. The attempts at what may be called pictorial photography are among the failures of the exhibition; and the attempts to catch a fleeting mood of nature are nearly as bad. If we want to see the art—or mechanism—at its best we look at architectural studies, at some, but very few, of the portraits, and those chiefly by an amateur, Mr. Dew Smith, at the botanical and microscopic studies, and at some curious rather than pretty efforts to catch men and animals in motion, which have at least the merit of teaching poor mortals that seeing is not believing nor knowing knowledge. Some studies of sculpture by Mr. Edwards will catch the eye; especially those of Mr. Tinworth's

reliefs, and a frame filled with statues by Mr. Thorneycroft and Mr. Ford, and Mr. Bates's prize group of "Socrates in the Agora." The scientific photographer will admire some groups of "Orchids and Ferns," by Mr. Stevens, which have gained a medal, and there are pictorial efforts, also distinguished by prizes, of which we must say, as has been said of similar efforts, for years past, that they come very near being as good as very second-rate pictures. Such are a cottage group, "Dawn and Sunset," and two other photographs by Mr. Robinson, five or six portraits of beautiful ladies by Mr. Byrne, and works by Mr. Terras, Mr. Malby, and others, which are deservedly rewarded as examples of what may be done by mechanical means to imitate art. A very large number of views, especially views of architecture, should be noticed. There are also some staring and vulgar portraits of statesmen and other celebrities; but the fine heads exhibited by Mr. Dew Smith, to which we have already referred, seem, in spite of their low tone and vague outline, to kill their neighbours. Two small figure subjects by Mr. Adam Diston partake of the same artistic quality. It should be mentioned that the Catalogue is very carefully compiled and full, and that no fewer than seven hundred photographs are assembled in the Gallery.

The members of the Dudley Gallery Art Society make a fair show at the Egyptian Hall, though generally stronger in sketches and studies than in finished drawings. Mr. Walter Severn, the President, is unequally represented. His large sketch, "Fancourt" (1), is a tame rendering of the Surrey landscape, all the more disappointing for the vigorous drawing of "Richmond Park" (147) on the opposite wall, with its effective groups of deer, sunny spaces of grass, and old oaks. Mr. Severn's "Freshwater" (17) is a pleasing study of sea and misty distance, with a sandy fore-shore delicately handled, sketched "with sea-water" as if to propitiate the *genius loci*. Mr. H. H. Couldery's pastels of animals are among his most successful efforts, the group of cat and kittens in "A Happy Family" (123), and the large study of a dog's head, "The President" (80), having remarkable solidity and finish. The best of Miss C. St. J. Mildmay's contributions is the conscientious, yet broadly wrought, drawing, "At Mentone" (68). More ambitious than this, a view of the Roman Forum (79) is strangely unimpressive, in spite of its truth of tone and the excellent rendering of the time-worn masonry. The figure in the foreground and those almost invisible in the distance avail little to counterbalance the want of aerial space. The natural grandeur of the scene is almost entirely absent. Mr. Alfred East reveals his fine sense of colour, and the higher vision that allies the landscape artist to the poet, in several charming studies—notably in "Sunlight and Dew" (75), a sunset sketch on the river Loing, and in "Sunshine after a Shower" (161). Another striking and truthful impression is Mr. East's "Château de Nemours" (61), a subtly-harmonized study in sombre greys. Mr. C. Robertson's "Studies" (38), three tiny examples of still life, possess the wonted delicacy of the artist. Of Mr. A. Powell's "Dartmoor" (24) and "On the Thames" (18) and Mr. A. W. Weedon's "Hayfield" (45)—their best contributions—it can only be said that they have done better work in precisely the same direction. Mr. H. Medlycott's view of nature is apparently exceedingly limited and invariably lugubrious. Whether he depicts the estuary of the Severn or the lower Thames, we have the same stretch of muddy water dappled with dull reddish reflections, the same wooden and helpless craft, and the same wan, opaque canopy of cloud. Even when the sun shines nature is as uniformly forbidding, as may be witnessed in the leaden gloom and depressing monotony of "A Misty Day, with Sun on the Severn" (127). Mist and sunshine on a calm sea, with the golden heights of a headland soaring above, are depicted with uncommon veracity in Mr. W. A. Ingram's "Sunrise off Beer Head" (96). Local character and colour are given with breadth and distinction in Miss Helen Thorneycroft's interesting sketches of Sutherlandshire scenery. Among other studies of landscape that merit attention are Mr. Philip Norman's "Highland Sketches" (66), Mr. G. M. Walters's "On Llambyrdian Marsh" (19), Mr. Powell's "Leith Hill" (33), and Mr. J. M. Donne's sunny and atmospheric vision, "The Val Bedretto, near Airolo" (11). Of several good drawings by Mr. J. J. Bannatyne, the most noteworthy is the fresh and breezy "Tittleworth Common" (162). The figure subjects call for little remark, excepting Mr. J. J. Johnstone's delightful "Spring Flowers" (133), a finished little study of a rustic girl, and two studies for pictures by Mr. J. A. Fitzgerald, of which "In the Provinces" (117)—a study of a showman and his boy sheltered from a shower by a haystack—has no little character. Mr. Pownoll Williams exhibits two studies of roses that exemplify the artist's happy grace of arrangement and uncommon skill in decorative treatment.

BALLET SLUMMING.

UNDER the title *The Truth about the Stage*, a writer, assuming the name of Corin, has given to the world a collection of sordid anecdotes and sounding platitudes dealing with the shortcomings of that class of which he is admittedly an unsuccessful member. The wonder is that he does not propose to fan into flame an agitation to introduce into Parliament a Bill for the compulsory morality of the Ballet, whose exponents, the author is at great pains to point out, do not invariably avoid the primrose path of dalliance.

There is little in the book which gives an insight into the contemporary life of the stage, the condemnation being chiefly directed against a bygone generation of players. It seems to us that it is precisely because the state of things described no longer exists that the stage holds a higher position to-day than it did of old. That there are dangers which beset the young of both sexes the conditions of stage life render inevitable, and we do not need Corin's assurances to tell us that there exist theatres which would not be selected by the careful parent as the best training-schools for young ladies. But that the pictures presented to us by Corin owe their inspiration to his imagination is equally evident to those acquainted with the inner life of the stage. Drunkenness, which may at one time have been regarded as an attribute of genius, is nowadays of the rarest occurrence; and the ordinary conversation of the green-room would probably appear to the average man of the world almost *bourgeois* in its propriety.

Amongst many misrepresentations it is stated that "some managers encourage swells behind the scenes"; whereas it is a well-known and stringent rule in every theatre that the intrusion of strangers is absolutely forbidden. Corin laments that the actor has no "social status"; but surely we have heard enough and to spare of this ridiculous cry. The sphere of the actor is clearly that of the artist, and he has no more to do with a social status (apart from his own individuality) than has the painter, the sculptor, or the writer. The theatrical profession requiring in its initial stages no especial training, being in fact open to all, its adoption no more confers a social status than it casts a social stigma.

In these days of an extended social franchise and persistent lion-hunting, the actor has probably received more than his share of that adulation which society bestows on those who cater for its pleasures. It is a question whether this social status is not rather detrimental than otherwise to the best interests of an art which should be emancipated from the enervating trammels of conventionality. Much of this craving after social recognition may be traced to the system of "booming" which managers have borrowed from America, as they borrow their plays from France. This importation appears to us a mischievous element, but its employment has seemingly become an indispensable adjunct to theatrical enterprise—a thing to be regretted by those who consider the drama entitled to attain to the dignity of an art.

Considerable space is devoted to some interesting disquisitions on the salaries of acting managers and to Corin's advice to dramatic critics, who appear to be a most reprehensible class of persons. A warning voice is then uplifted against those monuments of modern decadence—amateur clubs, which, we regret to learn, are "very dangerous institutions," and from which, indeed, the criminal classes of the present day would seem to be mainly recruited. No one will be able to challenge Corin's dictum to the effect that "For persons who do not possess the requisite ability the stage is a delusion and a snare." If, however, as Corin avers, "the stage is for the most part corrupt"; if "amongst its professors there are so many black sheep that the white ones are hardly perceptible," there is happily one stage figure which stands out with effulgent brightness amid the enveloping darkness. Towards that figure our eyes turn hopefully—it is the form of Mr. John Coleman. This gentleman, we are assured, "has done much to raise the tone of the drama." Corin deeply laments that "the author of *Curly*" (has literature joined the drama in a conspiracy of neglect?) "should have been allowed to lose the whole of his fortune, without an attempt being made by the profession to show their appreciation of his efforts to found a home for the legitimate drama in London." With the persistency of one who has a sacred mission to fulfil Corin continues, "I do not think that old Drury could be used for a better purpose than a complimentary benefit" to the object of his admiration. "There is no better stage-manager in this country," Corin continues, "than Mr. Coleman. He can direct the rehearsal of any kind of play, including burlesque, ballet, pantomime." Whether amateur performances are punctually attended, and lessons in elocution are given to the Bar, the clergy, and members of Parliament, is not vouchsafed to us. The author of *Curly* also "watches with fatherly care" over those who are thrown in his way. As an actor, we are told, he can "rivet the attention of a large audience for a considerable time"—and mark!—"without speaking!" Then again, Corin would like to see some of the drawing-room actors of the present day attempt to fill out the music which was written for the first act of Mr. Coleman's version of *Les Misérables*. "It is easy for an actor after a little practice to enter a stage drawing-room and say, 'Ah, my dear madam, I am delighted to see you,' but let a young comedian try to fill out eight bars of music before he opens his mouth." We can distantly imagine the author of *Curly* entering a stage drawing-room with appropriate pantomimic gesture and filling out eight bars of music, while the audience are breathlessly waiting for the magic words, "Ah, my dear madam, I am delighted to see you." It is satisfactory to learn that "in a national theatre supported by the State, the author of *Curly* would find the proper arena for the display of his exceptional talent as a director of high-class and legitimate entertainment." It is only fair to mention that Mr. Coleman disclaims any connexion with the work, whose chief aim appears to be to extol, at the expense of Corin's more fortunate brethren, the virtues, domestic and otherwise, of the author of *Curly*.

NEW SOUTH WALES BORROWING.

BRITISH investors are at length beginning to feel, we are glad to notice, that the Colonial Governments are borrowing too rapidly. The state of the Continent inspires the fear that a great war is sooner or later inevitable, and therefore investors are indisposed to buy foreign Government bonds largely. The losses that have been sustained by investment in American railroad securities have for some time past greatly discredited those securities. And the attempt of Mr. Childers to refund the debt at a lower rate of interest led to very large sales of Consols by investors, who, unwilling to buy either foreign bonds or American railroad securities, have turned to Colonial bonds as the safest securities to be found. All the Colonial Governments—even the best—have been tempted by this state of things to borrow too largely. The credit of New South Wales has deservedly stood highest of any of our Colonies. Its finances are well managed, its resources are great, and its policy upon the whole has been sound. But even New South Wales has been unable to resist the temptation held out. In December of 1883 it raised 3 millions; in October of last year it raised 5½ millions; and this week it has again come to the London market for another 5½ millions. This makes 14 millions sterling in twenty-two months. It was natural that investors should be alarmed at borrowing on such a large and rapid scale; and, consequently, the loan has not been taken on as favourable terms as had been anticipated. The loan, as we have said, was for 5½ millions; it is repayable in thirty-nine years, and the rate of interest is 3½ per cent. The minimum price was wisely fixed low, as low, indeed, as 91. At first sight it would seem that this price was unduly favourable to the investor. At that figure he would obtain nearly 3l. 17s. per cent. for his money, while the American Government is able to borrow at par. But the rapidity with which the New South Wales Government has applied to this market has, in spite of all favouring circumstances, lowered its credit, and thus it is compelled to pay more than 3½ per cent. The applications on Wednesday, indeed, were numerous, the loan having been covered more than twice; but the average price obtained was only 91l. 13s. 5d. It is to be hoped that the Government of New South Wales will take the lesson to heart, and that it will manage its credit in the future more considerably. We are told, indeed, that the Government is acting in this matter only as a prudent land-owner would act—that is, that it is developing the resources of its estate. To open up the country, to attract immigrants, and to develop the resources of the colony, it is necessary that railways should be built. The debt already contracted has been laid out in public works, which, upon the whole, have been not only useful to the inhabitants, but have been peculiarly reproductive. The railways already built pay a fair rate of interest upon the capital laid out upon them; and, as this new loan is also to be laid out in reproductive public works, we are assured that the return in this case likewise will be satisfactory. All this is quite true, no doubt; but it does not justify the action of the Government in the least. The French Government a few years ago entered upon a vast scheme of public works, which unquestionably when constructed will prove highly useful to the community; but the expenditure was so large that, as we all see now, it has plunged the finances of France in inextricable confusion, and has brought the Republican Government into discredit. Again, the railway construction in the United States since 1879 will prove of high utility some day or other; but, nevertheless, the sinking of so vast an amount of capital has brought on a severe financial crisis, which has caused widespread distress throughout the Union. If countries so rich and so highly developed as France and the United States cannot engage in vast public works' construction with impunity, is it to be supposed for a moment that a country so new and so undeveloped as New South Wales can go on spending money at the rate it has been spending during the last three years without suffering for it? Had she been more moderate, had she raised the 14 millions in twice or three times as many months, the policy might, perhaps, be prudent and wise; but, if she is to go on borrowing 14 millions every twenty-two months, it is quite clear that a time must come when her finances will be plunged in utter disorder.

As yet, we are glad to believe, no serious mischief has been done. The colony, as we have said, has, upon the whole, been wisely governed, and the public works policy which it has pursued has not, until quite lately, been rash. If it now returns to the more conservative and more cautious policy of the past, it may do so, we hope, without experiencing injury. Although it is far inferior in extent to Queensland, South Australia, and Western Australia, New South Wales is still very large—nearly three times the size, in fact, of the United Kingdom. Its soil is fertile, in agriculture and in minerals it is rich, and it has a large railway system, while its population, upon the whole, is very prosperous. But the population, nevertheless, is under a million. While there were in the United Kingdom at the date of the last Census 291 persons to every square mile, there were in New South Wales only 2½. From one point of view, no doubt, this is to the advantage of the colony. It shows that it has room for an immense population, and therefore for almost limitless development. But, at the same time, it is the strongest reason for careful nursing of existing resources. At the end of 1883 the debt exceeded 21½ millions, being about 24l. 17s. 8d. per head of the population, and amounting to 3½ years of the public revenue. Since 1883 11 millions have been raised, so that the debt now exceeds 32½

millions. It is an enormous burden for a small population, even with so rich an inheritance. It is no answer that the debt has been incurred for reproductive public works, and that the expenditure already incurred brings in a handsome revenue. Were times of difficulty to come on, the revenue from railways would fall off, like that from other sources, and the colony might find it embarrassing to fulfil its engagements. It is to be borne in mind that excessive expenditure for public works is for a community so new and so small as that of New South Wales more dangerous than railway-building by private enterprise. In the case of the United States, railways are built by private persons. If they make a mistake, and the railways do not pay for the capital laid out upon them, the persons who have engaged in the construction suffer. They may be impoverished or entirely ruined; but when the first effects of the collapse pass away, the rest of the community feels little of the injury. On the contrary, the railways remain, and may prove of the highest benefit to the whole country. But if a Colonial Government borrows money to build railways, and if through any reason those railways do not prove remunerative, the burden falls upon the whole population, and all the taxpayers have to go on paying interest no matter how mistaken may have been the construction. Hitherto, the Australian Colonies have been singularly prosperous upon the whole. They have had times of trial to pass through, like all countries, of course; but the trials altogether have not been very severe. There are signs, however, that a more searching ordeal is approaching, and therefore it is all the more necessary that caution should be exercised.

New South Wales has the largest number of sheep of any of the Australian Colonies. At the beginning of last year it had nearly 34½ millions; Queensland, which stood next, having only 11½ millions. New South Wales is, therefore, most interested in the wool trade of all the Australian Colonies; and it unfortunately happens that wool has been falling in price for the past two years. For a time the woollen trade escaped the general depression which has been weighing upon all branches of industry. At the end of last year even wool-brokers' circulars thankfully acknowledged that the state of their trade was better than that of any of the other textile trades. But since January each series of public sales has shown a further and further fall of price until now the price of wool is lower than it has been at any time during the last five-and-thirty years. This must have a disastrous effect upon the great sheep-owners of New South Wales, all the more because Australia has recently been visited by a severe drought that was fatal to a large number of sheep. The sheep-owners of Australia, in fact, are somewhat in the position of our own farmers, who, having suffered from a series of bad seasons, see prices declining more and more. But if the wool trade suffers severely, it is scarcely possible that the earnings of the railways must not also fall off. Already, it will be recollected, the wheat trade, the copper trade, and, in fact, almost every branch of trade, has been depressed, and now the great fall in the price of wool will try the resources of the Colonies all the more severely, therefore. But a general depression of this kind will not confine itself to exercising an injurious effect upon railway earnings; it will be felt in all departments of life, and it will certainly tell upon the revenue. The Colonial Governments, therefore, are likely to find all the sources of revenue injuriously affected, and consequently every addition to their debt will more and more press upon the resources of the community. We do not for a moment mean to insinuate that New South Wales will find itself unable to fulfil all its obligations; on the contrary, we feel sure that it will come triumphantly out of its trials. But none the less it is most unwise of the Government to go on adding to its liabilities at a time when a falling off in its income is almost certainly to be looked for. And while financial pressure is thus likely to be felt, the political difficulties which surround it are by no means likely to decrease. The new policy adopted both by Germany and by France will, we presume, be continued, and as great European Powers establish themselves in the near neighbourhood of Australia, the Colonies will be called upon to increase their outlay for the public defence. It is not at such a time, then, that the Colonial Governments should rush lightly into expenditure that can be avoided. We would not dissuade the Governments from a cautious and prudent extension of their railway systems; that, we freely admit, is desirable from every point of view. But railway construction and other public works should be carried on only at a rate that will not seriously add to the difficulties of the Colonies.

AUTERS.

HOWEVER little people may understand about matters architectural, archaeological, and ecclesiastical, they usually fancy that, at any rate, they know all about altars. The altar, they would say, is an oblong table resting upon a substructure of steps, and placed either against or near a wall. At the back it should have a re-table or super-altar, which may or may not be surmounted by a reredos. Roman Catholics, they would add, either make the whole of the table of stone or let a small oblong slab into a wooden table. This would be an accurate description of many, and probably most altars; but it would not apply to a large number of ancient altars, or "auters," as they used to be called.

To begin with, a very large number of old altars were square. There were many such in England, and there are some still

remaining in Italy. The altar-stone which used to be let into the large wooden table of many of the altars in old English churches was also sometimes oblong and sometimes square, and even now in the Roman Catholic Church altar-stones are made either square or oblong as convenience may suggest. Besides square and oblong altars, there is at the present moment at least one semicircular altar in use in Italy; but this shape is very rare. The ancient British altars were probably small square slabs resting upon two columns, or even upon one. It is hard to assign an exact date to the introduction of re-tables; but it is probable that they were rare before the Reformation, and there are engravings of Roman Catholic altars of later date on which they are wanting. Archaeologists have occasionally been misled into supposing re-tables to be of ancient use by finding the word super-altar in early mediæval documents, where it means a portable altar that might be laid upon any table. Now, of course, it is used in a different sense. A shelf or ledge was sometimes placed at the back of high altars in the sixteenth century, when it used to be called a *kalpas*, but on side altars it was probably very unusual in those days. Steps before the altar were not only unused, but actually prohibited in England in the early part of the seventh century, although they were introduced soon afterwards. It is certain that most of the altars in this country were formerly very small. The side altars were sometimes even fastened with brackets to the pillars of the church, and they were occasionally placed in the gallery or the triforium that ran round the church. The number of altars in some of the churches was very large in British and Saxon times. A document written about 725 mentions fourteen altars in one church, and another eighth-century document states that there were in York Cathedral thirty altars.

Portable altars—*altaria gestatoria* or *superaltaria*—were used, at any rate, in the days of St. Anselm. Over these, with the leave of the ordinary, mass could be said in a private house or elsewhere. In some armies, a portable altar, a few inches square, used to be laid upon a large drum, covered with a flag, and on this mass was said in camps. At one time it was not unusual to make these small portable altars of precious stones, such as jasper or jet, and to set them in gold or silver. On the other hand, during times of persecution, both in England and in France, they were often made as plain and as unlike altar-stones as was compatible with their sacred purpose—some being not unlike children's slates—lest their discovery should lead to the conviction of their possessors; and although the Roman Catholic Church requires that relics of saints should be placed in even the smallest portable altars, this rule was dispensed with in certain cases during the French Revolution, not only for the safety of their owners, but also as a precaution against the sacrilege which would probably follow their discovery. In the Decretals a portable altar is called a *viaticum*. Ordinary altars have borne a good many names. As we have already said, they used, until comparatively late times, to be called *auters*; though they had the earlier English name of *weofod*, *weoede*, or *weved*. "God's board" was a common name for an altar at one period before the Reformation.

Although bishops could give leave to have mass said where they thought proper, the personal "right of portable altar" was, and still is in the Church of Rome, the exclusive prerogative of the Pope. In the first half of the fifteenth century Pope Martin V. granted one to the merchants of Staple, on account of their frequent and long journeys. The Guild of St. Botolph's at Boston received one from Pope Julius II. Mass could be, and often was, celebrated even in the open air on one of these altars, and great people and traders used to value this privilege very highly when on their journeys.

The top of the altar was never covered, when mass was being celebrated, with anything except linen cloths, although the altar-stone had sometimes a thin covering of silk; but the lower part, which was generally very plain on old English altars, and not carved, painted, or gilded as in later times, used to be hung with some rich material, such as embroidery or cloth of gold, and occasionally embossed plates of gold or silver were fastened to it. A curious custom was observed at one time in England with regard to these hangings, at the festival of Easter. Matins were sung at dawn, when the "auter" was covered with black, which represented the time before Moses. While the Psalms were being sung this was removed, when a grey hanging appeared in honour of the Mosaic dispensation. At the end of the first lesson this was taken off, leaving a red hanging to remind the worshippers of the Christian dispensation purchased by the blood of Christ. At the end of matins, during the singing of the "Te Deum," the red covering was drawn away, and gold, silver, or white hangings typified the Resurrection and eternal glory.

Our object in making these few remarks upon the "auters" of our forefathers has been to show the difficulty of defining what is often termed, with unjustifiable confidence, a "correct altar." Convenience, late precedent, and decency are of course important matters; but, apart from the rules and discipline of the Church of Rome, it might be difficult to call in question the orthodoxy of an architect who even placed a small stone slab on a single low pillar to serve as an altar, much as one might dislike to see it. Certainly he would have ancient precedent in his favour. It may be replied that an altar should be of exactly the form that was used at the period represented by the architecture of the church in which it stands. All we can say is that in this country, even in the most "correct" churches, such is seldom the case.

RACING.

THE Newmarket First October Meeting, although not unusually exciting, brought out some good horses, and there were several races of considerable interest. Modwena had very lately beaten Gay Hermit so easily at Derby, at a difference of 6 lbs., that it was thought she could also beat him at a difference of 3 lbs., therefore 13 to 8 was laid on her for the Hopeful Stakes; but, although Gay Hermit appeared to be running under difficulties at the Bushes, he fought on very gamely in reply to Archer's encouragement, and, taking advantage of Modwena's swerving near the winning-post, got up to her, and made a dead-heat of it. According to the *Sportsman*, the owner of Gay Hermit gave Archer a cheque for 500*l.* as a reward for this fine piece of riding. This seemed a liberal payment, considering that the stakes gained by Gay Hermit through running the dead-heat amounted to something less than 390*l.* Prince Soltykoff's Mephisto, a two-year-old by Robert the Devil, of whom great things are expected by many good judges, won a couple of races during the week; but he was not opposed by anything capable of testing his merits. Unfortunately he is not entered for the Derby.

Melton, the winner of the Derby and St. Leger, won the Great Foal Stakes, of 1,215*l.*, "hard held," by a length, after 25 to 1 had been laid on him. This victory brought up his winnings to 16,332*l.* His half-brother and stable-companion, Pearl Diver, won the 300*l.* given to the second in the race; and Wastdale, who, it will be remembered, was left at the post in the race for the St. Leger, ran third. Archer, who rode the colt, was successful again in the Produce Stakes, which followed. He won it with the Duke of Westminster's Cambusmore, and Borneo and Clochette, the first and second favourites, ran second and third. The backers of Ducat, who had laid 20 to 1 on him, very nearly met with an unpleasant surprise in the race for the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, for the colt ran very badly over the last three hundred yards of the course. He won the race, but it was all that Webb could do to get him in a short head in front of Florin. Later in the week he started first favourite for the Newmarket St. Leger, and Florin again opposed him; the pair, however, were easily beaten by Lord Hartington's Monolith, a horse of but moderate pretensions. In this race Swillington was beaten for the tenth time. He has never yet won a race, and the 1,700 guineas that were paid for him in July have not hitherto been very profitably invested.

So great a certainty was the Produce Stakes considered for Mr. Vyner's Minting, the first favourite for the Derby, that 100 to 1 was laid on him, and he galloped steadily in front of his two opponents from the starting to the winning-post. Although the race itself created little interest, his backers were pleased at getting a good look at him, and at seeing him gallop. We have not had very many opportunities of comparing English with French racing form this season, but Barbarine, the winner of the French Oaks and One Thousand, was put very favourably into the Newmarket October Handicap at 6 st. 8 lbs. She won the 1,500*l.* easily by three lengths, although 10 to 1 had been laid against her, while Clochette, against whom 14 to 1 had been laid, ran second. The French filly was much admired, and she is as useful as she looks, having won 4,728*l.* in three races this year.

Gannet, who had only won comparatively unimportant races, was made first favourite for the Produce Stakes of the Wednesday, in preference to Armida, the winner of the Nassau Stakes at Goodwood, who had cost 3,200 guineas last year at Lord Falmouth's sale. Armida, however, won the race, but only after a desperate fight with Lady Clarendon, who had run no less than thirteen times without winning a race. The Great Eastern Railway Handicap was won by an extreme outsider. Energy was the first favourite, but he came in last, the winner being Jane, to whom he was giving 4 st., which is very nearly the difference allowed between the best and worst horses in the handicaps for the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire. Before this race, Jane had only won once out of seventeen attempts, so the handicapper could scarcely have given her much weight to carry; yet she had run second for the One Thousand, with several very smart fillies behind her, and she has some good racing points: 5 st. 12 lbs., therefore, seemed an exceedingly light burden for her. Energy's running was a disappointment. "The fastest horse in England," as he was called when sold in July for 4,000 guineas, has scarcely proved so remunerative a bargain as his admirers expected. It is true that he has won more than 700*l.* since his sale, but he has lost six races, for half of which he was a strong first favourite.

The Rous Memorial Stakes, on the last day of the meeting, was supposed to be almost at the mercy of Kendal, a two-year-old that had won half a dozen races, worth over 4,000*l.* Sunrise, who was considered one of the smartest two-year-old fillies of the year, was second favourite. Kendal and Sunrise made the running, but the pair only ran fourth and fifth to Volta, Oberon, and Kaunitz. This was a curious and complete reversal of public form, for when they had last met Volta had run a bad third to Kendal. Oberon, again, had been third to Sunrise in their only previous encounter, and Kaunitz had been unplaced to Kendal in the race for the July Stakes. The course of five furlongs may have been a little too short for Kendal and Sunrise; on other grounds it would be difficult to account for their poor performance.

At last The Prince has won a race this season. He was made first favourite for the Moulton Handicap, and he had Archer on his back. Fortunately he got away by himself on the right, with

a clear lead, and he galloped along very happily over the hill and into the Abingdon Mile Bottom. Then the brute began to realize that he was racing, and that a grand-stand and winning-post were in front of him; so, as usual at the end of a race, he slackened his speed. Castagnette gained upon him at every stride, but Archer just managed to keep him going long enough to win by a length. After all, the stakes were only worth 140*l.*, which would doubtless be a satisfactory reflection to the horse if he could only know it. Altogether, the First October Meeting was a pleasant one, and almost as much pleasure was derived by many people from watching the candidates for the Cesarewitch and Cambridge-shire taking their morning gallops as from the racing. "Amateur touting" is an interesting and invigorating pursuit, and one exceedingly conducive to the enjoyment of a good breakfast.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

AMONG schemes devised to lighten the burden of the dulness of London, the Covent Garden Concerts hold a peculiar position. Between the waning and the waxing of successive music seasons, they fill a void that would otherwise be barren of orchestral enterprise; the field is almost uncontested, and all things combine to further their success. In these happy circumstances it might be expected that the programmes would indicate an agreeable alliance between the true interests of art and the aspirations of the musical public; and that, in short, the process vulgarly known as levelling-up might animate the management and inspire Mr. A. Gwyllym Crowe. This, however, is the last thing that may be said of the present concerts. Portions of the Wednesday concerts have, indeed, been devoted to classical music—or to music that passes as classical—in accordance with custom; but this very inconsiderable concession to the just claims of a large number of the Covent Garden audience is already withdrawn. At the very first signs of the approaching season Mr. Crowe's well-known love of classical music appears to waver, and last Wednesday seemed to be extinguished altogether. The mere announcements of the Sacred Harmonic Society, the Popular Concerts, the Albert Hall Society, and Novello's Orchestral Concerts, seem to have smitten Covent Garden; or, at least, they are curiously coincident with the withdrawal of that weekly instalment of classics which—with Mr. Crowe's vocal waltz, "Fairie Voices"—formed the flower and pride of a great popular enterprise. Perhaps, however, Mr. Crowe is the victim of stern and superior fate, and is a sad, unwilling accessory to the change we deplore. Perhaps he has not had a hand in substituting for the pure serene of classicism the mongrel entertainment humorously described as a "Scotch night"—a term that unpleasantly suggests the singular combination of harmonies which old dance composers called a pious orgy. Be this as it may, it is hard to conceive that the conductor and members of such an orchestra as that now in possession of Covent Garden do not heartily sympathize with the complaints of the regular patron and the modest advocate of higher education.

In the meanwhile we have to chronicle of the defunct classical nights a few exceptional renderings of great works, such as the *Leonora* Overture (No. 3), Raff's delightful Italian Suite, introduced last season, and several symphonies, including Mozart's "Jupiter" and the "Pastoral" of Beethoven. These good things have occurred in dubious company. For instance, the same programme that included the "Jupiter" symphony, the *Leonora* Overture, and Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor—in which the pianiste, Miss Josephine Lawrence, gave an admirable reading—comprised also the noisy and formless *Hochzeitung* from Rubinstein's ballet, "Feramorz." If the lover of music has small reason to be encouraged by the novelty or representative character of the programmes, native musical talent is not neglected by Mr. Freeman Thomas, who has offered a prize of twenty-five guineas for an original Overture. Almost simultaneously Messrs. Brinsmead & Sons have invited a similar competition, with the expressed hope of discovering "a worthy successor to Purcell." This is either an illustration of the ultra-sanguine mind or a satirical reflection on the efforts of the Royal College of Music; in either case, it betrays an incomprehensible view of the genius of Purcell. With respect to the vocal selections at Covent Garden, there has been abundant variety of music and vocalists, songs modern and old-fashioned being rendered by singers of the highest standing or by singers of little or no standing. All tastes are consulted, and if there is anything objectionable in the programmes it is that the numbers are less select than comprehensive. Like the ill-assorted guests at the parvenu's dinner, the songs are chosen in a haphazard fashion that produces irritation and not the piquancy of contrast. The monstrous system of encores increases this disagreeable impression. At Covent Garden all songs are encores—even when by Beethoven—with the curious and instructive result that the enthusiasm evoked by "Creation's Hymn" is rewarded by the most flimsy of modern ballads. No one seems in the least degree shocked by this appalling demonstration of the art of bathos, nor does any example of bad vocalization affect the universal demand for encores. This is the most inexplicable feature of the Promenade Concerts, and is calculated to shake the faith of the most ardent believer in the improved musical tastes of the public. That bad art is popular is an unpleasant admission; that it should call for no protest whatever from the crowded theatre is

still more unpleasant. Whether this state of things is due to the indolence of good nature or to mere insensibility we know not, though it is much more characteristic of a London audience than of a provincial one in the north.

THE SUN-WORSHIPPERS.

I HAD a vision when the night was late,

A vision, not of Sin, but of Success,

Divine Success, and of the slaves who wait

Upon her footsteps, and in eager press

Obsequiously compete to swell her state

And bear the train of her high Mightiness—

At least, such meaning lurked, I must suppose,

Under the symbol of a Sun that rose.

In sooth it was a Sun of strange aspect,

Not round-faced and amiable with jollity,

As children's pictures feign, but gave the effect

Of a lean visage, impudent and sly;

And as I gazed, methought I could detect

A disc, as 'twere an eyeglass, in its eye,

And almost could have sworn upon my soul

I saw a sunflower in its button-hole.

Swiftly at first from out the smoke it sprang,

And stormed the rampart of the heavens; anon

It paused awhile, and hung, or seemed to hang,

Inert, as one whose strength is spent and gone;

Clouds veiled it, and, to save a long harangue,

People began to think its day was done,

When on a sudden up it rose again,

Bound for the zenith now, 'twas very plain.

Then looked I round, and on this hand and that

I was aware of a devoted crowd,

Some prostrate, with earth-kissing faces flat,

Others with heads more moderately bowed;

Some chanting high a hymnal gotten pat,

Others not quite word-perfect, nor so loud;

Some in profusion their libations pouring,

Others less copiously, but all adoring.

Biggest and flattest of the pious crew,

Six feet of servile homage stretched along,

With breadth and girth proportionate thereto

And bluffly bellowing his votive song,

Lay one adorer whom methought I knew

For great Historicus, nor was I wrong;

"H—re—t!" I cried (for thus him mortals name),

"You, of all men, at this ignoble game!"

"And you, my Leonard!" thus did I bespeak

Another of more deeply thoughtful mien,

"C—rtu—y of the conundrums, clear as Greek

To every Hodge who has to Athens been,

Beseems it you the rising Sun to seek

Thus slavishly? Were ye not better seen

In worship rather of that setting ray

Wherewith ye sunned your brief official day?"

He answered wight Sir William, "Not at all!

What is the Sun that sinks to that which climbs?

I find in sunsets but attraction small,

Nor comprehend their vogue in modern rhymes;

For once that Shakespeare sings the evening's fall,

He welcomes morn at least a dozen times,

And, as we know—deny it if you can—

S. was an eminently healthy man."

"Besides," said C—rtu—y, slyly—and I think,

That with his eye, of which I watched the lid,

Were a high-wrangler ever known to wink,

Just at this moment that is what he did—

"Besides," said he, "I don't for my part shrink

From holding that there's nothing to forbid,

In such a case as this and for the nonce,

A wise man's worshipping two suns at once.

"H—re—t may go it blind, and sing away,

With face due eastward, to the rising Sun;

But I looked southward, and my formula,

Please to observe, is thus arranged to run:

'A most distinguished rising Sun,' I say,

'And, second only to the setting one,'

I serve the former, thus 'tis understood

Only in case the latter sets for good."

The psalms began again, and, nothing loth,

I woke, yet ere I felt my vision flee

In dream or waking presage—if not both—

I seemed a future issue to foresee,

Which left alike discomfited and wroth

The hymning and the trimming devotee.

This was the fact, unpleasantly surprising,

One Sun had set without the other rising.

REVIEWS.

CORRESPONDANCE DU MARÉCHAL DAVOUT.*

THE military career of Marshal Davout extended over the period of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars. A young sub-lieutenant in the Royal Champagne Regiment in 1789, he rose almost suddenly to high command; and in 1803, the year with which these volumes of correspondence open, he was one of the most trusted of Bonaparte's generals. From this date his despatches enable us to follow the part he took in the wars of France; they contain a complete picture of the work of one of the chief agents in the extension of her power in Europe. Nor does his correspondence lack personal interest. Many of the details it contains, important as they generally are to the historian, and as almost the least of them is to the military student, will, it is true, at first sight seem repellent to those who read with no special aim; yet no one will follow step by step the story of Davout's professional life without a growing interest in the man himself. And M. de Mazade, who has edited these volumes with a care worthy of this brilliant chapter in the history of the French army, deserves our thanks for the sketch of the Marshal's early history he has given in his admirable introduction. He has, indeed, done far more than this. He has written a brief and clear commentary on the whole of Davout's professional career, so that a non-military reader need be at no loss as to the comparative importance of different parts of the correspondence. Each series of despatches is ushered in by a summary of the causes and aims of the campaign or other operations to which it refers; and copious notes, many of them containing extracts from the *Correspondance de Napoléon*, explain and illustrate the references in the letters, or fill up gaps they leave in the history of the writer. Political events exercised a strong influence on Davout's early military career. Although he entered the army as a Royal officer, he nevertheless for a while became an ardent Republican. Yet, in spite of his sympathy with the revolutionary party, he was twice forced to retire from the service, he suffered some months of imprisonment, and probably was only delivered from the guillotine by the revolution of the 9th Thermidor. At the same time, it was to the Revolution that he owed his sudden promotion. He left the Royal army a sub-lieutenant, and the next year he was chosen commander of the volunteers of the Yonne. His first interview with Bonaparte took place after the Peace of Campo Formio; it was followed by a command in the Egyptian expedition. On his return from Egypt his fortune was ensured by his marriage with the sister of General Leclerc, the husband of Pauline Bonaparte. The first series of despatches, written during the two years and a half that he held a command in the Camp of Boulogne, has a special interest for Englishmen, for it presents a lively picture of the preparations made for the invasion of this country. Under the common name of the Camp of Boulogne were included four great camps which turned the coast of the Manche into a vast arsenal. In the camp of Bruges, Davout trained and organized an army of invasion, built barracks, provided transports, and did what he could to defend a stretch of coast, and, above all, the port of Ostend, from the attacks of our cruisers. Some of these attacks are recorded; one, which ended in the capture of a French sloop, the *Sans Façon*, caused the First Consul much annoyance. Naval matters were a sore trouble to the General. While the army was well provided with pay and military stores, the pay of the sailors was shamefully in arrears, and the ships were out of repair. Seamen were scarce and the levies failed to produce a sufficient number of carpenters and caulkers. The relations between the naval and military authorities were constantly strained. Matters were somewhat mended by the employment of Dutch ships. This, however, gave rise to a curious difficulty. "Il existe," Davout writes, "une grande différence entre la nourriture des matelots bataves et celle des marins français. Les premiers reçoivent de l'orge ou gruau, du beurre, du lard, du stockfish, objets qui n'existent point dans la distribution des seconds, et pour lesquels il n'y a aucune espèce d'approvisionnement" (i. 72). Worst of all, the troops at Ostend were so wasted by fever that on March 23, 1805, out of an infantry force of 23,231 men, only 19,408 were fit for service. An interesting account is given of the fate of Baron von Bülow, who was put to death as a spy, and of the conspiracy of Georges and Pichegru. This conspiracy led to the establishment of the Empire, and Davout, at the age of thirty-four, was one of the fourteen marshals nominated by the new Emperor. The power of organization and the watchfulness and energy he displayed in the camp of Bruges fully justified his promotion.

Although Bonaparte's scheme of invasion failed, the Camp of Boulogne was the birth-place of the "Grande Armée." In the campaign of 1805 the 3rd Army Corps was under the command of Davout. Crossing the Rhine at Mannheim, he advanced by the Neckar on Nördlingen and thence to Dachaun, where in conjunction with Bernadotte he guarded the passes of the Tyrol and covered Munich, while the main army forced Mack to capitulate at Ulm. Some interesting particulars are given of the battle of Austerlitz, where Davout, on the extreme right of the French army, was engaged nearly the whole day in a fierce struggle for the position of Sokolnitz. After the battle he was sent in pursuit of the

enemy. The "Correspondance" contains a full account of the stratagem by which the Czar managed to escape him at Hohenlitz. Before the Prussian campaign he had twenty days' leave. Even during that time he was full of work, and we find him writing from Paris to bid his colonels collect pots and kettles, the only articles with which his army was insufficiently supplied. On October 14, 1806, the very day on which the Emperor defeated the Prince of Hohenlohe at Jena, Davout gained a brilliant victory over the Duke of Brunswick and the King at Auerstädt, and thus decided the fall of Prussia. In the crisis of the battle, Bernadotte, who was jealous of his talents, refused to send him the succour he demanded. M. de Mazade comments in his introduction on the frequent quarrels between the Marshals of the Empire. Davout seems to have had his full share in these enmities. He was not perhaps an easy man to work with. One would take him to have been stern and severe, a man of few words, never faltering in the performance of his duty and making small allowance for others. Neither at Auerstädt nor in his long quarrel with Berthier, however, did the fault lie with him. During the Russian campaign he had violent altercations both with Berthier and Murat. In spite of their mutual jealousies Bonaparte's generals never failed in obedience to their leader:—"Les récalcitrants, les frondeurs, et il y en avait sans doute dans les camps, n'allaient pas bien loin dans leur mauvaise humeur et n'étaient pas les moins obéissants. Un mot de l'Empereur faisait taire les mauvais propos et réchauffait tous les zèles." M. de Mazade defends the Emperor against the charge of acting with jealousy towards his officers, and his defence is weighty and eloquently expressed. Bonaparte's service was by no means light, and Davout had little rest. He took a prominent part in the war against the Russians in Poland, and his victories at Czarnowo, Nasielsk, and Golymin formed an important prelude to the crowning success at Eylau, to which his opportune arrival greatly contributed. After the peace of Tilsit he was left to guard the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, to uphold the semi-independent Government, and organize the army. It was a task of overwhelming difficulty, for there was no kind of order in any department of the new State. A curious illustration of the general confusion is afforded by the frequent notices of a certain regiment of Polish hussars, formed no one knew when or how, without arms, uniform, or discipline, but with a vast number of past and present officers, all with various claims. Excellent as Davout was in all military matters, he was unable to cope with political disorganization. Finding himself engaged in work that was strange to him, he attached too much importance to trifles. Accustomed to the implicit obedience of an army, he regarded every malcontent as a source of pressing danger. After a year of trouble and vexation he was rewarded with the title of Duc d'Auerstädt, and gladly resumed the command of the 3rd Army Corps. His flank march with the left wing of the army from Ratisbon to Neustadt was one of the most brilliant operations of the war of 1809, and led directly to the victory of Eckmühl, the battle which gave Davout his title as Prince. His despatches give a clear account of the service he rendered at Wagram, and M. de Mazade, according to his admirable custom, has made it still clearer by an extract from the *Correspondance de Napoléon*. At last, in 1810, the Marshal returned to Paris for the one year he was allowed to spend in France during the Empire.

With implicit confidence in Davout's power of organization, proved as it had been at the camp of Boulogne, Bonaparte in 1811 entrusted him with the formation of the advance corps of the Army of Russia. He carried out this task at Hamburg, where he was stationed as commandant-in-chief of the corps of observation of the Elbe, charged with the duty of enforcing the Continental blockade. He was delighted at sharing in the war against English commerce, and fully believed in the efficacy of the Emperor's darling project. Writing to General Friant on November 10, 1810, he says:—"J'attends d'un moment à l'autre que vous m'adressiez des procès-verbaux qui constateront que toutes les marchandises anglaises seront brûlées . . . il y a longtemps que les Anglais eussent été forcés à la paix, si tous les agents qui ont été chargés de mettre à exécution les ordres de notre souverain eussent été fidèles" (iii. 193). In the campaign of 1812 he led the van of the invading army, and his corps formed the rearguard in the retreat from Moscow. His despatches, short as they are, present a vivid picture of the miseries of the retreat. Besides the calamities common to the whole army, the rearguard was encumbered with stragglers; it was delayed by attempting to save what others had abandoned, it found the villages on the line of march burnt by the other divisions of the army, and it was in special danger of being cut off. Even when Bonaparte felt his power slipping from him, he refused to give up anything—"il avait cru pouvoir jouer le tout pour le tout"—and sent Davout to defend the mouths of the Elbe, to retake and hold Hamburg. No part of the Marshal's career is more honourable than his defence of the city, which he held for five months against an army of nearly 100,000 men. As his communications were cut off, we have no correspondence relating to this period. The story of the siege is, however, supplied by a *Mémoire* written under his direction. It affords, as M. de Mazade remarks (iv. 287), a full vindication of his conduct from the accusations of his enemies. On April 18, 1814, the Russian general informed him of the taking of Paris and the abdication of the Emperor. He would not, however, give up the city to any one save a Frenchman, and held it until on May 5 General Fouché, the royal commissary, relieved him of his command. The troops he led back to France were un-

* *Correspondance du Maréchal Davout, Prince d'Eckmühl, 1801-1815.* Par Ch. de Mazade. Quatre tomes. Paris: Plon, Nourrit & Cie. 1885.

conquered. Louis XVIII. ordered that he should not enter Paris. He lived in retreat at Savigny, and broke no oath by becoming his old master's Minister of War during the Hundred Days. When Bonaparte marched northward Davout was left to guard Paris. On June 22 he announced the Emperor's abdication to the generals commanding divisions. At the same time he still believed resistance possible. His letters on this subject, the measures he took that he might at least preserve the army for the service of the country, his attempts to save Paris from the entrance of the allies, and finally, his vigorous protest against the list of proscriptions, form a not unworthy conclusion to his military correspondence. He was reinstated in his rank as marshal and in his other honours, and died in 1823 at the age of fifty-three. Among the many generals of whom France is justly proud, there have been few who have brought her greater honour, few who have devoted greater talents to the organization of her armies, and none, surely, who have served her more faithfully or more unselfishly than Marshal Davout.

KING SOLOMON'S MINES.*

AFTER Mr. Rider Haggard's description of African adventure in *The Witch's Head*, it must have been plain to every reasonable critic that he was the very man to write a boy's book. He has written it, and we congratulate the boys. Since *Treasure Island* we have seen no such healthily exciting volume. It would be hard to say whether the piratical John Silver or the mysteriously aged witch Gagool (of *King Solomon's Mines*) strikes to the youthful heart the more delightful terror and apprehension. Sometimes we are inclined to give Mr. Stevenson's invention the palm for the wonderful astuteness and versatility of his villainous hero; sometimes we think that Mr. Haggard's African witchwoman (possessing a touch of supernatural dread) is, on the whole, the more successfully appalling of the two. Comparisons of this kind are sure to be drawn by people who have read the two books, and retain enough of Plato's "immortal child" to have been heartily frightened and happily agitated by both. Like *Treasure Island*, *King Solomon's Mines* deals with the quest for hidden wealth. But in the latter volume it is not the gold of buccaneers which is sought, in the last century, by a crew of pirates captained by a confiding squire, and rescued in the last peril by a boy of miraculous courage and resource. The treasure in Mr. Haggard's book is nothing less than the diamond mines whence the Sidonian galleons brought King Solomon his jewels. The scene is the centre of Southern Africa, Kukuanaaland, a region unexplored. The time is the present day, and the seekers are Allan Quatermain, an old elephant-hunter, in whose mouth the narrative is put, Sir Henry Curtis, an Englishman in quest of a lost brother, Captain Good, his friend, and Umbopa, a mysterious Zulu recruit who is not all a Zulu. Quatermain meets Curtis and Good, the naval officer, on board a steamer. Curtis is a man with a giant's strength, and a hero, withal, of the noblest daring and equanimity. Good, his friend, adds the comic element, and, if we had a fault to find with this entralling tale, it is that Mr. Haggard gives us too good measure of comedy. It is the humour of Quatermain to pretend constant alarm, though his whole life has been passed in confronting every danger, and though few hunters attain his age—something over fifty. He has a trick of constantly quoting the *Ingoldsby Legends*, and of attributing to Barham the lines of other poets; and this trick (like Betteredge's references to *Robinson Crusoe* in the *Moonstone*) waxes a little tedious. Mr. Haggard makes Quatermain tell his tale very much as such a man would have told it, with flashes of boisterous humour; and, dramatically, this is all very well. But for the manner of the telling we decidedly prefer Mr. Stevenson's boy narrator in *Treasure Island*. Good, as we have said, is also partly comic. He wears an eye-glass constantly fixed in his eye, and he possesses a moveable set of false teeth. These properties come in wonderfully handy when certain savages are to be impressed with the idea that Good and his friends are supernatural beings. But perhaps we hear too frequently about the resources of civilization possessed by Captain Good. With this carping our fault-finding ends; and we have only praise for the very remarkable and uncommon powers of invention and gift of "vision" which Mr. Haggard displays. He is not one of the hack book-makers for boys who describe adventures they never tasted in lands which they only know from geography books. He is intimately acquainted with the wild borders of Zululand, Bechuana, and the Transvaal, and he has a most sympathetic knowledge of the Zulu. The Kukuana of the tale are, in fact, Zulus, long isolated, wholly ignorant of European ways, and better organized, on the whole, than the tribesmen of Chaka and Mpanda. But enough of general criticism; we must follow Allan Quatermain and his friends into Kukuanaaland, and even to the dwelling of the White Death.

Sir Henry Curtis, as we have said, was in quest of a brother who had journeyed north, up through the Suliman Mountains, far beyond the Mashukulumbwe country, where legend places the diamond mines of "the weary King Ecclesiast." Now, Quatermain had once befriended a Portuguese explorer, José da Silvestra, who, dying, bequeathed to him a chart executed by a far-off ancestor and namesake of his own. This old Don (by the bye, the Portu-

guese form is Dom) José da Silvestra had crossed the Suliman Berg (in 1590), had reached the land of the Kukuana, had "seen the countless diamonds stored behind the White Death," had been baffled by the treachery of Gagool, the witch-finder, had retreated, had died in a cave of one of the two vast snowy mountains named by him "Sheba's Breasts," but had left a chart and route written in blood on a piece of linen. This chart (excellently facsimiled in the frontispiece) was brought back by the dead man's slave, and was the guide of Quatermain, Curtis, Good, and their native friend Umbopa, in the search for Solomon's Mines. We should like to know whether "Senor" is Delagoa Portugee for Señor or Senhor.

Their journey (including a capital elephant hunt) is most graphically described. Nearly dead of thirst in the desert, they are saved when their Hottentot servant "smells water," and discovers a "pan" marked on the chart of the old Don. Then they come in view of Sheba's Breasts, and a magnificent mountain landscape well described. They pass the night half-frozen in a cave high on the hill, and in the dawn discover a dead body, preserved by the cold from corruption, with a yellow ivory crucifix round the neck. It is the corpse of the old Portuguese explorer, made changeless as an Egyptian mummy by the high frozen air. The scene is very impressive, as is the sudden view from the mountain crest of "Solomon's Road," a vast raised causeway, winding off into the dim recesses of Kukuanaaland:—

As for the road itself, I never saw such an engineering work, though Sir Henry said that the great road over the St. Gothard in Switzerland was very like it. No difficulty had been too great for the Old World engineer who designed it. At one place we came to a great ravine three hundred feet broad and at least a hundred deep. This vast gulf was actually filled in, apparently with huge blocks of dressed stone, with arches pierced at the bottom for a water-way, over which the road went sublimely on. At another place it was cut in zigzags out of the side of a precipice five hundred feet deep, and in a third it tunneled right through the base of an intervening ridge a space of thirty yards or more.

Here we noticed that the sides of the tunnel were covered with quaint sculptures mostly of mailed figures driving in chariots. One, which was exceedingly beautiful, represented a whole battle scene with a convoy of captives being marched off in the distance.

"Well," said Sir Henry, after inspecting this ancient work of art, "it is very well to call this Solomon's Road, but my humble opinion is that the Egyptians have been here before Solomon's people ever set a foot on it. If that isn't Egyptian handiwork, all I have to say is it is very like it."

This invention is justified by the "wide waggon road, cut out of the solid rock," with "stacks of gold quartz piled up ready for crushing," which have been discovered in the Lydenburg district of the Transvaal. No mature archaeological opinion has been given, as far as we know, about these extraordinary remains of South African civilization. Mr. Haggard does not mention, in this connexion, a Bushman tradition reported by Mr. Orpen. That traveller made the acquaintance of Qing, a Bushman who "had never seen a white man before except fighting." Now Qing, among the myths and traditions of his people, related that the Bushmen had once been able to make roads "and stone things which went over rivers." There is here no collusion, and who shall be sure that Bushman tradition does not retain a true memory of a civilization from which it fell in some immemorial past?

Mr. Haggard is so correct in his descriptive touches and pictures of African life, that one is constantly tempted into discussion too grave for the task in hand. To be brief, Curtis and the rest reach the Kukuana, and persuade them (by various civilized dodges) that they are children of the Stars. But if Twala, the Kukuana king, a desperate tyrant, is half-deceived, Gagool is not deceived at all. Gagool is the master stroke of Mr. Haggard's invention. She is a witch-finder (Twala, like Cetewayo and Saul, "smells out witches"), a malignant being of unknown and almost supernatural antiquity. She has been the evil genius of many Kukuana kings, and the scene in which she "smells out" every suspected Kukuana chief, and ends by trying to give Umbopa over to death, is most terrible, and, unhappily, not more terrible than true. By a wonderfully ingenious stroke of wit, which it would be unfair to reveal, the white men baffle Gagool and Twala. Umbopa is proved to be the true heir of Kukuanaaland; Twala is a mere usurper. The Kukuana take sides, and there is a splendid savage battle-piece, on the lines of the combat between the two brigades of Mpanda's army, near the Tugela, some forty years ago. All through the battle-piece, "The Last Stand of the Greys," Mr. Haggard, like Scott at Flodden, "never stoops his wing." The slaying is Homeric. Naturally the white men, with Umbopa, win, and then we have a duel, as good as the greater combat, between Sir Henry and Twala, the gigantic one-eyed king. Twala is slain. Umbopa is accepted as king, and he makes Gagool, the impish witch-finder, guide the Englishmen to Solomon's Mines. But, first, they must look on the White Death and the White Dead, a scene of high and even poetical imagination, of which we shall not spoil the interest by any explanation or analysis. What chanced in the awful treasure cave, what was the last dread trump in the hand of the undefeated Gagool, how Good's lover, the Kukuana Pocahontas, fared (for this amount of "feminine interest" Mr. Haggard offers), and the conclusion of the whole matter, we leave the reader to discover. His curiosity will not be disappointed, if he be a reader of the right sort, who is capable of being carried beyond the commonplace by a peculiarly thrilling and vigorous tale of adventure. After the scene in the Treasure Chamber (when Gagool plays her trump), excitement seems exhausted, but it is not. There remains another surprise. We have found Solomon's Mines—we have still to find Sir Henry's brother.

* *King Solomon's Mines*. By H. Rider Haggard. London: Cassell & Co. 1885.

In this narrative Mr. Haggard seems, as the French say, to have "found himself." He has added a new book to a scanty list, the list of good, manly, and stirring fictions of pure adventure. The sentiment of his regular novels, *Dawn* and *The Witch's Head*, is absent, of course, but perhaps, at least in the former of these, sentiment was unduly to the fore. No one can call Allan Quatermain sentimental. And, to tell the truth, we would give many novels, say eight hundred (that is about the yearly harvest), for such a book as *King Solomon's Mines*.

ELEVEN BOOKS OF DIVINITY.*

IT is difficult to review a bound-up volume of a magazine by sixteen different hands, and with articles as various in merit as the names of the contributors are in importance; but it is only fair to the publication to say that some of the papers will interest readers of no particular religious confession, or of no theology at all. Mr. Edmund Gosse is for once "among the prophets," and gives us an account of an interview with Bishop Martensen, the Primate of Denmark, and the old man's blunt denunciation of "the blundering statesmen and cowardly policy" of England, embittered by the memories of 1864; Professor Henry Drummond puts Professor Huxley into the witness-box to give evidence for the existence of a Creator, and of the indications of design in Creation; and Mr. Carruthers Wilson confirms, from personal experience, the impressions which many people have derived from his writings and sayings, of the powerful element of mysticism in the religion of General Gordon. He gave Mr. Wilson two books—Hall's *Christ Mystical*, and Hill's *Deep Things of God*.

We have only one fault to find with Canon Holt-Beever's view of *The Parson's Round of Duty*, and we mention it first so as to prevent our short notice from ending, as reviews so often do, like a wasp with a sting in its tail. Our objection is that, small as the book is, it is too big, and made too big by matter which is out of place in it. Nearly a third of the volume is occupied with the writer's view of what is Church of England doctrine about the principal ordinances of the Church. This is an excrescence, spoiling the artistic symmetry of what is evidently the writer's design—namely, to teach his younger brethren from the stores of his own practical experience. If these pages were omitted from the future editions which it is almost sure to reach, *The Parson's Round* would be, perhaps, the best existing manual of daily work for the newly-ordained clergy. It would be an impertinence to speak of the earnestness, piety, and high spiritual aim of a clergyman who aspires to teach his fellows—they are assumed, and are evident in what he writes—but Mr. Beever takes a large view of the "Round"; his is a circle which encloses many varying ministries, and offers a sphere of exercise for all sorts of gifts and accomplishments, and presents occasions where all possible odds and ends of information may be useful. The country parson ought to be up in country lore, he should be "a good judge of stock," should take a turn round his own fowl-yard, stable, and kennel after breakfast, should know how to deal with tramps and cadgers, and to apply simple medical remedies (e.g. he should put a little carbonate of soda into a child's aching tooth, and should remember that its mother's toothache proceeds from a different cause and requires a different remedy). A few simples kept at the rectory won't interfere with the doctor's fees (which he has no right, and which it would be foolish to do), and it may do more than physical good if the parson can apply his citrate of magnesia or stomachic pills, "made up by the half-pint regularly," at the right time. The writer is a very human as well as very sagacious counsellor both in what he allows and in what he forbids to the parochial clergy, and they will be none the less likely to rise to his spiritual level because he admits the possibility of a pipe after breakfast, or to profit by his religious advice because they are conscious of falling under his repeated denunciations of clerical gossiping. People who are not and do not mean to be country or other parsons will enjoy this book; it will give them a hint of what is required and what is found in not a few of the best representatives of the order. It is the fashion to sneer at them as retrograde and obstructive, but no

one knows the amount of shrewd observation, practical wisdom, local knowledge, kindly humour, sympathy, and out-of-the-way reading, not to speak of more strictly professional gifts, which would be lost to English rural life if Disestablishment ever came and improved away the country parson.

Dr. Vaughan has some special qualifications for producing an edition of one of St. Paul's epistles which shall be at once popular and accurate, scholarly and spiritual; for he has been master of a great classical school, parish priest of a large town, and preacher to a cultivated and critical congregation. The experience and the instincts of the pastor, the schoolmaster, and the preacher are alike evident in this volume, and contribute to its value. Its most important feature is the translation in which he has claimed and used a freedom from certain trammels of Revisers, which contributes a good deal to the lucidity, if not to the rhythm, of his renderings in various vexed passages. Any chance of doubt or misconception is provided against in the notes, which, though written for the benefit of English readers, contain critical matter enough to detain the attention of readers who think they know their Greek text. The Epistle to the Philippians is unique in its character, from the writer's special relations with those to whom he writes, and we are not surprised at the evidently affectionate care which the editor has bestowed on it. It contains, moreover, certain "loci classici," like "He thought it not Robbery," &c. (A.V.) and "I count not myself to have apprehended," &c., to which a reader will naturally turn, and will receive some light from renderings which only profess to interpret the original. Dr. Vaughan must have regretted, even more than his readers, the impossibility of finding any better equivalent for *κατελήφθην* and *κατελήφηναι* than a word with a double meaning like "apprehend." This is too good a book for most English readers, of course; but those who have patience and interest enough to study it will be satisfied and rewarded.

Subscription and Belief, by an anonymous writer, is a careful argument to show that, if greater unity of belief and persistence in mutual association is not brought about by the new creeds of new sects, the end must be sought by other means than alteration in the terms of subscription, while these terms remain as they are. Differences of belief ought not to involve the question of Church membership, unless the subscribers have a clear consciousness of the significance of their act, which, though it might be thought that they ought to have, the majority of believers have not, any more than healthy people have of the processes of digestion and circulation. For when unbelief becomes conscious, it passes into "disbelief"—i.e. denial of some vital point affirmed—and raises the question of communion. But neither insufficient consciousness of belief, nor absence of belief, nor active disbelief in regard to "the outlying portion of theology," justifies either clergyman or layman in severing himself from his Church. It appears to be a mistake to confuse beliefs with subscriptions; the confusion only converts faith into formalism and hinders the communion of friends who agree in common verities of stupendous moment. This contention reminds us of Archbishop Tait's Utopian plea for union on the basis of "essentials," and of a once famous pamphlet, "Subscription no Bondage," cynically paraphrased, "Sign, you are not bound by it."

The experiment of a series of sermons on *The Church of England and other Religious Communions* was tried, if we remember rightly, not long ago at St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate. The several Sects and Churches on that occasion were discussed by different hands, and thereby saved from that uniformity of treatment which is the fault of Mr. Howard's volume. It is no doubt a relief to a congregation wearied with all the possible varieties of exhortations to be good to be indulged with a succession of historical pictures, the net result of which is to make them more than ever satisfied with their own communion, to say nothing of the relief to the preacher at his wits' end for a new subject to light on a vein which can be worked for a dozen successive Sundays. This seems a clear gain to both flock and pastor, whatever may be thought of this use of the pulpit. But it is a different thing to bind up and publish such lectures. We can easily imagine them to have been interesting to hearers, but to readers these necessarily brief summaries of the origin and history of the various Churches and Sects are something like reading an encyclopædia, and the effect is enhanced by the absence, for the most part, of any philosophical discussion of the principles which divided and divide them from the Church of England. The lecture on Quakerism, in which the most is attempted in this way, is in consequence the most interesting in the book. Mr. Howard discourses of the various religious bodies in a commendable spirit of liberality, though he rather loses his temper over the Roman Catholics, and naturally views the question of Disestablishment solely from the standpoint of a minister of the Established Church. To those, however, who want to know something about the Sects and Churches they live amongst without the trouble of referring to very accessible books, we can recommend these short sketches of their external history.

The Faith of the Unlearned is an able argument, but it hardly fulfils the promise of its title. It is true that the author, in his preface, warns his readers that this is not a book for the wholly uneducated, but for those of ordinary culture, from which we conjecture that "unlearned" and "uneducated" do not mean the same thing, for a book on the religion of the unlearned ought to be one which those of less than ordinary culture can understand. But even ordinary culture may fairly complain of, even if it is not baffled by, the author's long and involved sentences, the absence

* *The Expositor*. Edited by W. Robertson Nicholl, M.A. Third Series, Vol. I. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1885.

The Parson's Round of Parish Duty. By W. Holt-Beever, M.A., Canon of Llandaff, &c. London: Elliot Stock. 1885.

St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians. For English Readers. By C. J. Vaughan, D.D., Dean of Llandaff, &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1885.

Subscription and Belief. By the Author of "The God-man." London: Elliot Stock. 1885.

The Church of England and other Religious Communions. By Robert Howard, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1885.

The Faith of the Unlearned. By "One Unlearned." London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1885.

The Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England. The Ninth Article—Hamartiology. By the Rev. Joseph Miller, B.D. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1885.

The Reality of Faith. By Newman Smyth, Author of "Old Faiths in New Light" &c. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

Paul the Apostle. A Poem. By Joseph Bevan Braithwaite. London: Serley & Co. 1885.

The Charity of the Church a Proof of her Divinity. With an Introduction by Denis Gargan, D.D. Dublin: Gill & Son. 1885.

The Contemporary Pulpit. Vol. III. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

of any summaries of his arguments at the end of the chapters, and the want of any general summing up of his whole argument either in his introductory or concluding chapter. Both his style and his want of system made a difficult treatise needlessly unintelligible. If this is the faith of the unlearned, it must be a faith unconscious of its grounds; if it is intended as a faith for the unlearned, it should be presented so that a wayfaring man cannot err therein. The author's thesis is that authority, apart from the sanction of reason, is an insufficient basis for faith. The question is what support does reason give to faith? The author would say reason affirms of the objects of faith that they *are*, not how they are, the facts that is, not the mode of their being. To take as an instance the cardinal fact of the existence of God, reason stands on the unquestionable facts of non-divine existence, as demonstrative of the Divine, but is utterly unable to conceive of the modal existence of the Infinite. In like manner of the Atonement, reason can go as far as to demonstrate the reasonableness of the belief; but how Christ's work is the work of God it utterly fails to indicate. It is an argument which will interest thoughtful men who would believe if they could find a sure basis for belief, and it will probably help some, as it has seemingly aided the author to attain to a living faith.

Mr. Joseph Miller in continuing his work on the Thirty-nine Articles has come to the formidable Ninth, and has found time to write a compact and clear treatise on its difficult subject, "Original or Birth Sin," though he has been all along occupied with the tuition of his family as well as with parochial work. It probably took him no less time because it is short. He is, as he acknowledges, largely indebted to the longer and more exhaustive treatise of Julius Müller, from which no one who has read it can escape, in writing, speaking, or thinking on the subject. But the arrangement is the author's own, and students of divinity, who flinch from the longer work, will find themselves indebted for as much probably as can be known of one of the obscurest of topics, to the author's comprehensive grasp of the aspects and developments of sin, and to the lucid brevity with which he presents them.

Mr. Newman Smyth, the pastor of a church in Newhaven, Connecticut, has chosen the title of *The Reality of Faith* for a volume of sermons, because it expresses a longing and a conviction which pervade them all. He longs to go behind the Protestant traditions, and to study theology afresh in the primary facts and processes of revelation and life, and he is convinced that we want not so much a new theology as a real one. Theological dogmatism has been sobered by the responsibilities of modern thought, and if it is to live, it must live not merely as an external system, but as an intimate and practical conviction of the nearness and presence now of the distant God and the future life. The United States seem to breed preachers. These sermons, like those of Mr. Phillips Brooks, are before all things religious. American preachers appear to know that men go to church for religion, and not to hear lectures on poetry, architecture, agnosticism, or sociology. Rich as their sermons are in illustration, they do not lose sight of the main point, and, on the other hand, they know how to preach with unction without being unctuous. Mr. Newman Smyth's sermons are just what the best kind of Evangelical sermons ought to be—dignified, with well-applied reading, and brightened with the play of a picturesque imagination, and the command of a large and choice vocabulary. They have besides the merit of justifying the title he has selected.

We have no wish to speak with disrespect of a book marked with strong religious feeling and with tokens of love for a brother and affection for the memory of a lost friend; but we must say that the brother to whom it is inscribed would have shown a more fraternal spirit by preventing the publication of this book than by accepting the dedication of it. Mr. Braithwaite appears to think that blank verse is prose cut into lengths, and he has not only chopped up the Acts of the Apostles into the required dimensions, but has "faggoted his notions as they fell," notions that include Cleopatra and the "Paphian Venus," and the song of triumph he conjectures to have been sung in Heaven over the conversion of St. Paul. Writers with a taste for (*soi-disant*) blank verse might at least keep their hands off such exquisite literature as the narratives of St. Luke; we shall have the Prodigal Son and the Good Samaritan in blank verse next.

If the charity of the (Roman) Church is a token of her divinity, as Cardinal Baluffi asserts, we are left to infer that other Churches, being destitute of charity, have no claim to be divine. No one (outside of Bedlam, Ulster, or Exeter Hall) would think of denying or undervaluing the services of the Roman Church in carrying the Gospel to the ends of the earth, and in relieving the sufferings of mankind. We freely allow all that the Cardinal claims for his Church so far, but when he claims a monopoly of good works and asserts that Protestantism "engenders ferocity," and is "the destroyer of the resources of the poor," we stop short and think of several institutions and associations at home which savour neither of fierceness nor robbery, and cannot quite forget how little sympathy the Roman Church displays with those more scientific methods of relief which aim at permanent improvement of the condition of the poor, and are not content with relieving and leaving them as they were. The distinguished representative of the Roman Church in London is an exception to and not an illustration of the ideas of his Church in the matter of the relief of distress. In reading this volume (which is well written and translated) the curious will naturally turn to the chapter on the charity of the Church towards heretics, and will find with some amusement and

amazement that the old plea that the Church did not inflict any penalties on such offenders, only "handed them over to the secular arm," is still accepted, or is thought to have a chance of going down a little longer. But, indeed, the whole book—notably a passage on modern philosophies—is as if it were written in a cloister for dwellers in cloisters, with as little notion of what people know now as if the writer was journeying through this busy and wide-awake century in blinkers.

The Contemporary Pulpit, Vol. III., January to June 1885, it may be worth while to say, is a volume containing about thirty sermons of Established and Nonconforming divines of all shades of opinion and all degrees of eminence, besides some miscellaneous reprinted matter, having nothing to do with the pulpit, but in some cases (such as papers by Dean Church on Mark Pattison, by Mr. Goldwin Smith on Dean Mansel, and by Canon Liddon (probably) on cats) worth a very large part of the remaining contents of the volume.

FOUR NOVELS.*

TWO heroes in a novel, even when one is a tall, fair giant, the other a small, swarthy pigmy, are apt to make the critic sigh; it is so hard to keep the loves and woes of one hero from getting mixed up with those of the other. But when two heroes have not only the same age, but the same ideas, are both abused by "pastors and masters" for following the bent of those ideas, and, after both seeking fame and fortune in Rome, not only find it there, but also gain prizes in the matrimonial lottery, the unhappy reviewer has reason to feel both sad and indignant. Equality in heroes ought to be put down, and the nice discrimination between madness in white satin and madness in white muslin reverted to. Mr. Grant Allen's two youths, Hiram and Colin, have yet another bond of sympathy between them. The parents of both, like the parents of transpontine drama, are "poor, but honest." Hiram's father, Deacon Zephaniah Winthrop, is a small farmer in Geauga County, N.Y. Colin's father, Samuel Churchill, is a small market gardener in Wootton Mandeville, a fishing village in Dorsetshire. Far the best chapters in the whole book are those describing Hiram's life when a small boy in Geauga County. Who that has travelled in some of the agricultural districts of the United States but can recognize the truth of the following description of the Winthrop farm:—

The homestead itself, an unpainted frame-house, consisting of planked planks set carelessly one above the other on upright beams, stood in a weedy yard surrounded by a raw-looking paling, and unbeautified by a single tree, creeper, shrub, bush, or scented flower. A square house, planted naked in the exact centre of a square yard, desolate and lonely, as though such an idea as that of beauty had never entered into the human heart. In front, the long, straight, township road ran indefinitely, as far as the eye could reach in either direction, beginning at the horizon on the north and ending at the horizon on the south, but leading nowhere in particular that any one ever heard of, meanwhile, unless it were to Muddy Creek Depot (pronounced *depa*), on the Rome, Watertown, and Ogdensburg Railroad. At considerable intervals along its course a new but congenitally shabby gate opened here and there into another bare square yard, and gave access to another bare square frame-house of unpainted pine planks. In the blanks between these oases of unvarnished ugliness the road, instead of being bordered by green trees and smiling hedgerows, pursued its gaunt way, unrejoicing, between open fields or long and hideous snake fences. If you have ever seen a snake fence, you know what that means; if you haven't seen one, sit down in your own easy-chair gratefully and comfortably, and thank an indulgent heaven with all your heart for your happy ignorance.

In spite of such surroundings, in spite of parents who belonged to the "Hopkinton Connexion," in spite of cuffs and blows from his father whenever he was found indulging in the ungodly and nefarious pastime of drawing pictures of chipmunks, baldheaded eagles, and such like abominations, Hiram becomes a painter, thanks to the efforts of a certain Lothrop Audoin, who discovers the boy's genius, and persuades Deacon Zephaniah to allow him to educate Hiram. When Hiram is old enough Audoin takes him to Rome, where the painter-hero meets at last with the sculptor-hero, Colin Churchill, who has been going through pretty much the same experiences in England as Hiram in America. In Rome the heroines come to the fore, and at one moment threaten to clash, for Colin Churchill has unconsciously ensnared the affections of three ladies—the high-born Gwendoline Howard Russell, the low-born Minnie Wroe (his cousin), and the beautiful model Cecca. However, the slight unpleasantness passes away after a friendly attempt at poisoning by Cecca. Colin Churchill is discovered to care only for Minna, and Miss Howard Russell, on the fine Radical principle, we suppose, that "one man is as good as another, if not better," makes up her mind to accept Hiram Winthrop, who has worshipped her for years. The dealers besiege Hiram's studio, and bid against each other for his merest sketches; Colin Churchill obtains what prices he pleases for his statues; the young ladies, who do all the active courting in the book, are each married to the man of her choice, and the curtain drops on Arcadian happiness and simplicity. The plot is very loosely strung, the characters are, one and all, as unreal as figures on a Japanese screen, but the writing is fluent and pleasant enough, and, as we have already stated, the descriptions of American scenery are decidedly good.

* *Babylon*. By Grant Allen. London: Chatto & Windus. 1885.

In Sight of Land. By Lady Duffus Hardy. London: Ward & Downey. 1885.

The Secret of Barravoe. By Lady Violet Greville. London and New York: Routledge & Sons. 1885.

Prince Zilah. By Jules Claretie. London: Vizetelly & Co. 1885.

To those who are sufficiently attracted by our account of *Babylon* to meditate reading it we would give one word of advice—skip Mr. Lothrop Audoin's verbose inanities on art and nature whenever they occur.

In Sight of Land is a novel in which a thin thread of story winds its way slowly through endless descriptions both of scenery and of feelings, until the proper amount of chapters to fill three volumes is attained, and then the story ends. There is no possible reason why the story should not have been easily contained in the first volume. Mr. Fleming, who appears in the novel as an old man, had in his younger days been guardian to a girl, Clara Duncombe. Like all guardians in novels, he fell in love with his ward, and, like all wards, Clara fell in love with a scamp, Lemaire by name, and married him. For six years she was lost to view, and then she was found by her former guardian in a lunatic asylum in France, with a little daughter who had been born therein. Lemaire was reported to be dead, and Mr. Fleming withdrew the widow from the asylum, brought her back to England, married her, and adopted the little girl Clarice. For a few years all went well, until some relation of Mrs. Fleming's left her a large fortune, whereupon the villain Lemaire immediately came to life and demanded his wife and child. Mrs. Fleming died from the shock of finding herself so liberally supplied with husbands, and Mr. Fleming gave up his home and spent his life wandering about the world in order to keep his adopted child from falling into her terrible father's hands, as he had promised his dead wife to do. If Clarice died before she came of age or married, her fortune would revert to her father. The story opens at the return of Mr. Fleming and Clarice to England, to a lonely house in Cornwall where they think they will be safe from Lemaire's researches. Of course Lemaire turns up again, and, on being foiled in an attempt to abduct Clarice, he returns to the charge armed with a writ of "habeas corpus," and demands that his child should be given up to him. Mr. Fleming temporizes and gains a week's time in which to make up his mind to part with the girl. Clarice is in a state of blind terror at the thought of being delivered over to the man who drove her mother mad, and she consents to Mr. Fleming's plan that they should escape by night in the yacht of his nephew Jack Swayne. The arrangements are all made, the yacht is brought round from Plymouth, the servants are sent on board, and everything is ready for a start at dawn next morning. When that morning comes, the whole of the village is convulsed by the news that Mr. Fleming has been found sitting at his study-table shot through the head, and that Clarice and her cousin Jack Swayne have vanished with the yacht. It would not be fair to disclose the one good thing in the book by saying who had committed the murder, especially as if any one conscientiously wades through the first two volumes and a half, he deserves the reward of finding something to interest him at last in the unravelling of the mystery. Clarice dies, out in Florida, and the villain Lemaire, who inherits her fortune, has tardy justice meted out to him in the last paragraph of the novel. The characters are unreal and exaggerated, the descriptions tedious and long-winded; but the book is eminently harmless, and that in these "realistic" days is in itself a decided merit.

So many absolutely worthless shilling books have lately been produced that it is refreshing to come across one which, like Lady Violet Greville's, possesses some literary merit. The story is of the slightest; but the delineation of character is decidedly good, and clearly thought out. John Barclay, on whom rests the responsibility of the "I" of the story, on his return from America, where he has made his fortune, undertakes a commission from a friend of his, a lawyer, to seek out in Ireland a certain Myles Donovan, and acquaint him with the fact that a distant relative in America had left him a considerable legacy. He finds Myles living in the dilapidated ruins of a once fine house, occupied in conscientiously drinking himself out of the world. His lovely daughter Kathleen is his only companion. A mystery hangs over the house and neighbourhood ever since the murder of a Mr. Murray, an Englishman, a month before the story opens. Barclay notices that any mention of the murder seems strangely to upset both father and daughter, and, urged by what seems to us the most unwarrantable curiosity, he accepts Myles's hospitality, and remains on at his house in order to find out what he can. The author seems to think it natural enough that a gentleman should spy upon the actions of his host because he sees him walk down a passage at night in his dressing-gown with a bunch of keys in his hand. Barclay hides himself in an angle of the wall of the passage, and listens to what Myles is doing in the room he has entered; it is nothing apparently more felonious than opening a deed-box, and sorting some papers. Presently Myles returns, and goes back to his own room without seeing his gentlemanlike visitor hiding in his corner. The coast being clear, Mr. Barclay, undeterred by any foolish prejudices, proceeds to examine the room, an ordinary bedroom, with a deed-box under the bed. In the grate he sees bits of torn and half-burnt letters, and, "impelled by a desire to know more," as the author says, he stoops to examine them, is rewarded by finding underneath them a blue handkerchief saturated and stiff with blood, and immediately jumps to the conclusion that his host is Mr. Murray's murderer. He would immediately hand Myles over to justice only for "Kathleen's eyes of blue," which have already worked havoc in his heart, in spite of his having, on another eavesdropping occasion, heard her say to a certain mysterious "Tim" that she loved him. He decides to do nothing, and goes to England, where he drifts into an engage-

ment with a most unpleasant young lady from Camberwell. A statement in a newspaper that the man who had been accused of Murray's murder had been discharged, owing to suspicion being entertained in another and a new direction, sends him back to Ireland forthwith to look after Kathleen. He finds her greatly changed and very miserable; and, by reverting to his former habits of listening at doors and hiding in the angles of passages, he discovers so much that he at last drives her into a corner, and finds out that she has been told by her father that Tim, who is her half-witted brother, committed the murder, and that she has been hiding him ever since. Fortunately at this juncture Myles dies of delirium tremens, and at the last gasp makes a confession which completely exonerates poor half-witted Tim. Barclay marries Kathleen, who, it is to be hoped, cures him of his Paul Pry habits. The story is slight and somewhat commonplace, as can be imagined, but the writing is bright and pleasant, and the interest kept up steadily to the end. It would be well for the author to remember that, as a rule, lilies of the valley and violets do not flower in July "in the sunniest nook to be found."

M. Jules Claretie's novel, *Le Prince Zilah*, is too well known, both as a play and as a romance, to need much comment when translated. Suffice it to say that the translation published by Messrs. Vizetelly & Co. is very faithful to the original. All books lose something in the process of translation into another language, and M. Claretie may, therefore, be considered fortunate in having his work done into English by one who has so conscientiously tried to reproduce its true tone and spirit. The scene in Marsa's garden, when her dogs attack and nearly kill Michael Menko, is particularly well rendered.

TEN LEGAL BOOKS.*

IN a general way there are few projects which it is safer to condemn than that of writing a lay law book. The whole difficulty of law to the popular mind consists in the fact that it depends for its value upon accuracy, and that accuracy can be attained only by industry and the study of details. Therefore the books which profess to make it possible to obtain a comprehensive and practical acquaintance with the law, or any large part of it, without taking trouble, profess what cannot be done. "Law Lexicons," "People's Lawyers," "Look-Within-for-Legal-Advice," *et hoc genus omne*, are, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred—and we have not yet found the hundredth—simple trash, not worth one of the eighty pence which their facetious authors generally think it appropriate to charge for them. We have, therefore, peculiar pleasure in testifying that *Forensic Facts and Fallacies*, which is a law book intended for laymen, is, in the main, a very good little book. Mr. S. E. Williams has not endeavoured to state all law. But he has written a series of bright essays on a variety of sufficiently definite legal topics, of the kind most likely to assume practical importance in everyday life, and while his style is good and his humour pleasant, he has written enough to show that he is well acquainted with the subjects of which he treats, and that his remarks, as far as they go, deserve to be relied on. "Libel and Slander," "Customs, Clubs, and the Stock Exchange," "By-Laws and Railway Passengers," "The Court of Chancery and the Law's Delay," are among the most attractive of his titles. Special commendation is due to the chapter on "The Land Laws and the Land Question," in which the perhaps accidental ignorance of the general public, and the quite wilful ignorance of the Radical agitator, are well exposed. Of course no one book can do very much to open the eyes of even the educated part of the nation on this subject, but no one who has read Mr. Williams's very sensible observations upon it will have the least excuse for continuing in

* *Forensic Facts and Fallacies: a Popular Consideration of some Legal Points and Principles.* By Sydney E. Williams, Barrister-at-Law. London: Macmillan & Co. 1885.

The Law Relating to Clubs. By John Wertheimer, Barrister-at-Law, of the Middle Temple. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1885.

The Criminal Code of the German Empire. Translated, with Prolegomena and a Commentary, by Geoffrey Drage, B.A., of Lincoln's Inn. London: Chapman & Hall. 1885.

Elements of Law. By William Markby, D.C.L., late a Judge of the High Court of Judicature at Calcutta, Reader in Indian Law in the University of Oxford. Third edition. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1885.

A History of Private Bill Legislation. By Frederick Clifford, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. 2 vols. Vol. I. London: Butterworths. 1885.

The New Reform Act, comprising the Representation of the People Act (1884), the Redistribution of Seats Act (1885), and the Elections (Hours of Poll) Act (1885). With an Introduction. By W. A. Holdsworth, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Watk, Lock, & Co. 1885.

A Concise Treatise on the Law relating to Sales of Land. By Aubrey St. John Clerke, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, and Hugh M. Humphry, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1885.

Rules for the Interpretation of Deeds. With a Glossary. By Howard Warburton Elphinstone, M.A., Robert F. Norton, B.A., Lond., and James William Clark, B.A., all of Lincoln's Inn, Barristers-at-Law. London: Maxwell & Son. 1885.

The Law Relating to Building Leases and Building Contracts. By Alfred Emden, of the Inner Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Second edition (re-written, re-modelled, and enlarged). London: Stevens & Haynes. 1885.

A Complete Collection of Practice Statutes, Orders and Rules. By Alfred Emden, of the Inner Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, and E. R. Pearce-Edgumbe, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1885.

ignorance. The Railway chapter deserves to be read by every thoughtful railway traveller, and is full of useful knowledge about that not uncommon pursuit. We doubt, however, whether the lay reader will very clearly understand the discussion of "evidence of negligence," which is really one of the darkest subtleties of the law. It is not too much to say that the line between the function of the judge and that of the jury in this matter will never be clearly drawn. Mr. Williams himself seems hardly to see that all the difficulty in the great case of *Slatery v. The Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway*, to which he refers—not by name; it is one of Mr. Williams's merits that he cites no authorities—arose from the fact that the verdict of the jury was as manifestly idiotic as an Irish jury's verdict could be, and that the question whether a reasonable jury could have found it depended upon the insoluble problem, What is a reasonable jury? The only part of Mr. Williams's work to which serious exception must be taken is the concluding chapter on "The Legal Profession." He wants "the amalgamation of barristers and solicitors," because, he says, the monopoly of the Bar is an "anomaly." This shows that he has not thought about the question. The phrase "monopoly of the Bar" is pure nonsense. There is no monopoly, because any one can be a barrister. Nor is there anything anomalous about the matter. There are two sorts of things to be done, which practically have to be done, and are done in all countries, by two sets of people. The question whether they shall be professionally similar or different is merely one of convenient arrangement. We have an existing arrangement, unquestionably devised because it was convenient, and the principal members of both professions find it convenient still. There are also certain well-known evils which a change would necessarily involve. We trust that Mr. Williams has got more work at the Bar than this opinion of his seems to indicate. He certainly deserves it, and from the merits of his book we are inclined to bid him be of good cheer, and not use unmeaning phrases.

Another book which contains a certain quantity of matter of human—as distinguished from merely legal—interest is Mr. Wertheimer's *Law Relating to Clubs*. The law as to the liability of different persons for debts and the like is treated rather scantily, and indeed hardly deserves separate treatment at all, as it is part of the general law of contract and of agency; but the great subject of the expulsion of members forms the most important, if not the largest, part of the little book. It is generally known that the cases on this delicate question are not entirely in concord. We are strongly of opinion that the late Sir George Jessel went a great deal too far in his readiness to interfere between the members of clubs, who ought to be left to settle their own affairs for themselves. That a member should not be expelled otherwise than strictly in accordance with the procedure prescribed by the rules every one will admit; but it is difficult from the point of view of common sense, and impossible from the point of view of the law as established before the time of Sir George Jessel, to admit the claim of a court of law to decide whether or not the rules of a club are "reasonable," or, to use the still more foolish phrase that has found its way into this connexion, in accordance with "natural justice." In *Dawkins v. Antrobus* Sir George Jessel jeered at the notion that a club Committee could have any jurisdiction over a member on account of his being guilty of certain kinds of misbehaviour, or because he was given to betting or associating with bookmakers. It would really depend, or ought to depend, upon what the rules of the club said. If people choose to enter a club where they know that certain kinds of conduct will be reprobated, and then seek to defy that reprobation, it is certainly a gross interference with the liberty of the subject for a court of law to come to their assistance. However, it is not probable that any judge at present would carry judicial interference so far as Sir George Jessel seems to have been prepared to do. Mr. Wertheimer's history of the cases is complete and well arranged.

Mr. Drage publishes a translation into English of the Criminal Code of the German Empire, prefaced by a Commentary and Prolegomena, historical and philosophical, of his own. The historical sketch thus designated is a thoroughly sound, industrious piece of work, and the same may be said of the Commentary. But it must be confessed that the Philosophical Prolegomena will not make the matter much clearer to the English reader. The matter is amusing for those whose tastes happen to lie in that direction; but no practical person really wants to be told why criminals ought to be punished. If he did, it would be enough to tell him that the deterrent and vindictive motives are both present, and that the besetting sin of German and other philosophers is to underrate the efficacy or even deny the existence of the latter. All the same, Mr. Drage's translation of the Code is excellent, and his comments upon the successive parts of it are at the same time compact and exhaustive. His book is full of interest for all students of comparative codification. If he has bestowed the same care on his versions of the Commercial Codes of Germany, France, and Spain, which are announced as being in the press, he will have done more than most men to promote the making of codes in England.

We have received the third edition of Dr. Markby's standard work on *The Elements of Law*, which it is gratifying, but not surprising, to learn from a prefatory note, is still in sufficient demand to justify its continued publication. If all the books whereout all our young men learn law were as good as this one,

their lives would be happier or their minds better furnished than they are.

Any one who wishes to read a law-book of great historical and romantic interest cannot do better than study Mr. Clifford's *History of Private Bill Legislation*. The introduction treats of the principal subjects upon which private, as opposed to public, Acts have been found desirable, and as these include all manner of great engineering works on land and at sea, the local regulation of many industries, canals, railways, tramways, sub-aqueous tunnels, water supplies, and gas and electric lighting, it is very clear that Mr. Clifford's work must cover an extremely wide field in the legal and social history of England, especially in the present century. When we come to the history proper, there is much interesting matter concerning the internal history of both Houses of Parliament, and the discussion of the forms of Acts of Attainder, Restitution, Nationalization, and the like, throws light from a rather novel quarter upon divers familiar passages in the general history of England. A long chapter is taken up with an account of the principal private Acts of Divorce that were passed before the Divorce Act of 1857 rendered them unnecessary. There is not unnaturally a good deal under this head that is rather scandalous; but Mr. Clifford tells his stories well, and many of them are so curious as to be well worth telling. But why does he not print the famous address of Mr. Justice Maule to the poverty-stricken bigamist, which is credited with having been an immediate cause of the passing of the Act? Among other things is to be found the extraordinary story of Lord Ferrers's troubles, which, by the way, if they had happened a hundred years later, would certainly have ended not at Tyburn, but at Broadmoor. We look forward with real pleasure to the publication of Mr. Clifford's second volume.

Mr. Holdsworth has determined to try the experiment of making his edition of the three Acts which he describes as the New Reform Act cheap. It only costs a shilling; but for that you get bad paper, small print, wretched binding, and a hideous cover. As there is a great deal in the Acts in question, especially in the way of schedules and so forth (all the boundaries of divisions are specified), perhaps all this is rather cheap for the money. One advantage the book has, and that is that it is among the first in the field. The commentary which precedes the text of the Act is good enough, though not agreeable to the eye. For our part, we dislike law books done, as Mr. Healy would say, "on the cheap." For to people who would not pay more than a shilling there is no use in the text of the Acts.

People who chatter about "Land-laws" might do worse than study the preface of Messrs. Clerke and Humphry's book concerning "Sales of Land." There they will find some rather interesting statements about the effect which has been produced on conveyancing and the advance made in simplicity of transfer by the legislation on the subject which has taken place, not only without the instigation, but without so much as the knowledge, of most of those same "Land-law" reformers. Messrs. Clerke and Humphry have worked hard, and made a very large conveyancing book. Starting from the Statute of Frauds, they pass through sale by different persons, touching vendor's lien on their way, down to conveyance and stamps; nor are they content until they have examined the doctrine of notice, the effects of misrepresentation and mistake, specific performances, and common law remedies, and wound up in due form with rescission of the contract. In fact, they have produced an exhaustive treatise, which will be very useful if the index is a good one—but that only practical use can show.

The object proposed to themselves by Mr. Elphinstone and his friends is "to present in a moderate compass the rules for the interpretation of deeds." Students are advised "to master the 3rd, 4th, and 8th chapters before they read any other part of the book." It may be good advice; but if it is, why not make those chapters the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd respectively? The method adopted has been to state the law in 198 rules. With these rules are interspersed "corollaries," "definitions," "examples," "exceptions," and "observations"; so that, if it is not all clear at last, it is not for want of classification. At the end is a glossary, not very long, but containing such words as "moka," "kiddle," "assart," "church," "hereditament," and "foreshore."

Mr. Emden, not content with having "rewritten, remodelled, and enlarged" his *Law of Building Leases and Contracts*, in order to make a second edition of it, has in the very same year, with the assistance, as it would seem, only of Mr. Pearce-Edgumbe, compiled one of the most enormous tomes that has been put together since folios went out of everyday use. It has lxxvi and 1378 pages, and contains every sort of statute and rule relating to the practice of the Supreme Court, together with "tabulated summaries of the leading cases," and a really surprising number of references. Nor is this all. It is, to the best of our information and belief, and as far as a good deal of investigation has tended to show, very well done. We believe it may be found of great use to many persons suddenly plunged into the wilderness of "practice"; but it would gain in handiness even more than it would lose in convenience of reference if it were in six volumes instead of one.

THE NEW PHARMACOPŒIA.*

THE *Pharmacopœia* which has just been superseded was published exactly eighteen years ago. Many changes have happened in that interval, and medical science, no less than other sciences, has made wonderful progress. Surgery has undergone a revolution, mainly through the efforts of Sir Joseph Lister and the disciples of antisepticism. Old theories have been put on the shelf, and new ones have come to fill their places, and new ideas with respect to the treatment of diseases have been introduced, so that in the domain of medicine, as well as in surgery, a number of changes have come to pass. There will be no occasion for surprise, then, when we discover that nearly a hundred pages have been added in the new *Pharmacopœia*, and that these are concerned mainly with new remedies that have been introduced during the last eighteen years.

Some of these are of very great value, and we cannot help thinking that the new work has not arrived a day too soon. The brains of scientific men are very busy in these days, and quite recently therapeutic agents of the first importance have been discovered. These have now for the first time received official sanction, and take their places in our pharmacopœia. Looking down the list of new matter we come across remedies of such value as pilocarpine, apomorphia, eserine, cocaine, iodoform, cascara sagrada, salicylic acid, and others too numerous to detail. The editors, besides introducing all the recently-discovered remedies that have undergone the test of practice, have carefully and very thoroughly revised the old portion of the work.

The result is entirely satisfactory, and it is pleasant to observe that some old-fashioned and nearly obsolete preparations have received their *coup de grâce*. The new book is assuredly far superior to its predecessor. We can describe it as being eminently scientific and thorough; the old one was, to speak very mildly, very unscientific, and carelessly put together. New modes of manipulating medicines are introduced which are as good as the old methods were bad, and not a few time-honoured preparations have been overhauled and their formulas altered much for the better. On nearly every page we see a change of more or less importance, and it is generally a change worthy of approbation.

Old errors have been purged away, and we are pleased to state that only a few new ones have been permitted to creep in. We have found one or two, but they are of minor importance and obviously the result of oversight. The botanical names of a large number of plants have been corrected, and this is indeed a matter for congratulation. In the 1867 work a number of the botanical sources of the different drugs are not even mentioned, and often those that are indicated have been proved by botanists to be wrong. The new system of chemical notation is now definitely adopted in place of the old-fashioned one.

Chemical nomenclature has undergone a much-needed revision. It is now somewhat in accord with modern research, and the terms are similar to those employed on the Continent. Such solecisms as the words morphia, atropia, codeia, and aconitia, instead of the more correct morphina, atropina, codeina, and aconitina, have been abandoned.

To give anything like a complete review of the new *Pharmacopœia* would require six times the space we can spare. To sum up our opinion in a few words, we have formed a most favourable judgment of the work, and regard it as worthy of the eminent gentlemen who compose the General Council and the able professors who have acted as editors.

TRANSLATIONS OF ANCIENT ARABIAN POETRY.†

THE most celebrated anthology of ancient Arabian poetry is contained in a work that goes by the name of *Hamāsah*; and for its compilation posterity is indebted to the delay caused by the accident of a heavy fall of snow. The story is characteristic of the times.

It is matter of history how it was during the reigns of the three sons of the great Harūn-ar-Rashid that the Empire of Bagdad began its long course of decline; the break-up being inaugurated by the assumption of independence on the part of the governors of the outlying provinces. One of the first to set this deplorable example had been Tāhir, Al-Māmūn's general, who had aided his master all too well in encompassing the death of that Khalif's brother, Al-Amin, and who, finding that remorse made his face hateful to the fratricide, had prudently accepted honourable exile and the government of Khorasān. Here in Merv he reigned in splendour, and after him, with the nominal consent of the Khalif, his son 'Abdallah succeeded to his honours, and ruled in his stead. And hither, deeming probably that Harūn's third son and successor, the Khalif Al-Mo'tasim, was not the sole fountain of gifts, went Abū Tammām, a distinguished poet of that day, to pay his court and lay a panegyric at the feet of 'Abdallah, Viceroy of the East. He doubtless fared well in the object of his pilgrimage, for the Tāherides were magnificent princes, renowned

in Eastern history for their generosity; and in due course Abū Tammām set out on the return journey to Bagdad. But at the city of Hamadān there was a delay. Here, as is often the case in those parts, a heavy fall of snow had stopped the passes in the mountains through which the road lies coming from the high table-land of Persia down into the sultry plains of Mesopotamia. At the house of his friend Abū-l-Wafā, Abū Tammām found hospitable shelter and a library, and during the weeks of detention fell to culling from the works of the ancient poets stored on its shelves what best pleased his taste. The volume left in the first place with his friend, later on became known to contemporaries, was by them greatly admired for the critical taste displayed in the selection of the pieces; and by posterity has been treasured as a repository containing some of the best poems of the Days of Ignorance before the advent of the Prophet, composed by men, some known by name, some anonymous; and whose works, but for the pieces in this anthology, have been mostly lost in the lapse of time or by the numberless conflagrations to which libraries are ever falling a prey.

In this manner was produced the *Hamāsah*, a collection containing 884 poems, divided into ten books, wherein, according to their subject-matter, the poems are grouped. Thus there is a book of Dirges and another of Satires, also one of Panegyrics, and then others containing Erotic pieces, Pleasantries, and those mainly effusions which are devoted to the Blame of Women. All tastes were suited; but the first and by far the longest book contains the odes on Bravery, or Hardihood, as the word *Hamāsah* may be rendered, from which also the whole collection takes its name. The book, though but little known in England, has had the advantage in Germany of finding a translator who, besides being an accomplished Orientalist, was himself a poet in his own tongue. The German language perhaps lends itself better than ours to such a task; but be that as it may, Friedrich Rückert's translation in verse of the *Hamāsah* has found its way to many who care nothing for it as *Die ältesten arabischen Volkslieder*. Mr. Lyall for the most part has been less ambitious. His little book contains fifty pieces in blank verse, of which forty-four come from the *Hamāsah*. In these, without generally making much attempt at keeping the rhyme, he has striven, often not unsuccessfully, to throw the rhythm of the Arab verse into his English translation. As is pointed out in some of the later pages of the Introduction, the most common of the Arab metres, the Tawil, is already acclimatized in English, as one of the many forms of anapestic verse; and Mr. Browning constantly makes use of it in his poems, notably in the *Abt Vogler*, where such a line as—

Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear how the tale is told,

almost exactly fulfils all the requirements of the Arab measure.

To us, however, the chief interest of this old Arab poetry lies not in its metre, but in the clear view it affords us of the life and temper of the age which preceded and gave birth to Islam. In these odes the men of that age stand pictured before us, telling of the life lived and of the familiar objects among which it was passed. With considerable skill, and prompted by a knowledge at first hand, the poet most graphically describes—first, his horse, his camel, and the wild creatures of the Desert, and then the landscapes in the midst of which his life and theirs is set; but this is all subordinate, and the real object of the poem is only reached when the man begins to tell of himself and his ideal, and bursts forth in an enumeration of his loves and his hates, ending with the boast of his prowess, his hospitality, and the freedom of his spirit. To quote Mr. Lyall's words:—

No poetry better fulfils Mr. Matthew Arnold's definition of "a criticism of life"; no race has more completely succeeded in drawing itself for all time, in its grandeur and its limitations, its best and its worst. It is in this sense that the poetry of the Pagan Arabs is most truly their history.

The more honoured position accorded to women in the times that Muslim doctors are pleased to term the Days of Ignorance, is a distinguishing feature of these early poems, and one that is rather conspicuous by its absence in nearly all that was written after the days of the Prophet. Women in those early days were freer in their movements than ever could be the case after the Prophet's Ordinance of the Veil had been instituted. They were not, as now, cut off from intercourse with the half of humankind; they showed hospitality to their husband's friends, and were by them treated with courtesy and respect. An exquisite tenderness often pervades these elegies of the Desert, and to give a specimen of Mr. Lyall's skill as a translator we cannot do better than quote his rendering of the Dirge which Ishak the son of Khalaf pronounced on the death of his sister's child, a girl whom, we are told, he had adopted and regarded with great affection:—

Gone is Umamah to dwell where the tall stones tell of the dead
—poor wail at rest in the grave, laid safe at last in the dust.
O thou—one half of my soul! how mourns the half that is left,
athirst for thee, though the tears stream fast and full from mine eyes!
Ah me! for her did I fear, lest I should go to my grave
the first, and leave her alone, unveiled, to battle with Want;
But now I sleep, and no Care comes nigh to trouble my rest;
at last finds Jealousy peace, when all it guarded are dead!
This is the kindness of Death—shall I deny him his due?
Peace has he brought me, if Pain be still the chief of his gifts.

It is well to note, however, that the Pagan Arab thoroughly enjoyed his life while it lasted, the remembrance of the grave only giving a keener zest to the pleasures of the moment, and we regret that space forbids our quoting the verses given in Translation No. XXXII., which afford an excellent idea of all that the Bedawi

* *The British Pharmacopœia*. Published under the direction of the General Council of Medical Education and Registration of the United Kingdom. Pursuant to the Medical Act (1858). London: Spottiswoode & Co. 1885.

† *Translations of Ancient Arabian Poetry, chiefly pre-Islamic*. With an Introduction and Notes. By C. J. Lyall, M.A., C.I.E., Bengal Civil Service. London: Williams & Norgate. 1885.

deemed life best worth living for. They understood, too, the motto "Carpe diem," as is seen in the lines ascribed to Iyas of Tatty (No. XXXVIII.), who urges his friends to

... cut short the ills of life with laughter and jest and joy!
Yea, when once a moment comes of rest from the whirl, be quick
And grasp it; for Time's tooth bites and quits not, and mischief waits.

Enough has been said to indicate the contents of Mr. Lyall's book, which all will welcome who care for pictures of the keen free life of the Desert, set forth in compositions which themselves possess great originality and a high poetic interest. It is to be hoped that Mr. Lyall will not stop here, but intends to give us at some future time the remainder of the Hamāsah.

SOME STORIES.

IF the shilling novel system survives many such experiments as Mr. Joseph Hatton has made upon it, it must be a sturdy structure indeed. *John Needham's Double* is simply the story of John Sadleir, the Irish member, who committed suicide on Hampstead Heath, with certain highly improbable, not to say impossible, additions and corrections of Mr. Hatton's own. The story itself is neither interesting nor instructive, nor yet amusing. Sadleir was a very commonplace swindler, who killed himself to escape transportation, infamy, and exposure. He was for a short time a Lord of the Treasury in Lord Aberdeen's Government; but he did not on that account, as Mr. Hatton absurdly supposes, become entitled to the prefix of "Honourable." The suggestion that he was on the road to becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer and Prime Minister is simply silly. It is not from such sources as the "Irish Brigade" or the "Pope's Brass Band" that English Cabinet Ministers are drawn. Mr. Hatton has taken the outline of his narrative very faithfully from the *Annual Register*, and has embellished it with a grotesque fancy of his own. If any reader can for a moment lend himself to the illusion, and accept the confusion of John Needham with Joseph Norbury as a possible incident in real life, we suppose that Mr. Hatton has not written altogether in vain. Mr. Hatton would do well to learn something about politics before writing another semi-political tale. He does not at present know what a "plumper" means, for he introduces it into an election where there is only one vacancy. A plumper is, of course, a vote given to a single candidate only, when the voter might also have voted for some one else. If Mr. Hatton had seen the visiting card of a member of Parliament, he would not, unless the member was a very eccentric person indeed, have seen upon it the letters "M.P." As for the crimes of John Needham, we are disposed to think that the worst of them was the atrocious pun which he made on the morning of his flight to America. "Noosepapers, indeed! Not if I know it. If discovery is possible, they will never get my head into a noose." What are "convicted felons of themselves, or in dodaneo"? Can dodaneo have anything to do with *dodaneo*? However, Mr. Hatton must not be taken too seriously. Lovers of cheap sensation will not be hypercritical, and will probably find *John Needham's Double* exciting enough.

Cousin Dick may be recommended to all persons who are fond of reading about kisses, romps, flirtations, family gatherings, and meat teas. The cynical worldling is warned off. Of Cousin Dick and his sweetheart, it may be said that their favourite form of conversation is chaff, that their favourite poet is Longfellow, and their favourite poem "Evangeline." Dick's recovery from paralysis is calculated to thrill the bosom of the young and feminine reader, while it is apparently intended to shed the light of Miss Tinsley's radiant imagination on a dark corner of pathology. *Cousin Dick* is a pretty little story about nice little people, which might have been continued indefinitely, but of which the most thrilling incidents are always being interrupted by some such remark as the following:—"Now, then, you young people, I am sorry to spoil a pretty *tableau*, but business is business, and we are all of us hungry and waiting tea." The kind of middle-aged gentleman who thinks he has added to your stock of information when he has told you that business is business is sufficiently familiar. But the appetite of Miss Tinsley's characters for heavy tea is unparalleled in our experience or reading, and can only be compared with the passion of single gentlemen for gravy which so deeply impressed Mrs. Todgers. But it would really be breaking a butterfly on a wheel to criticize in a conscientious spirit Miss Tinsley's harmless and artless prattle.

* *John Needham's Double*. By Joseph Hatton, Author of "Clytie," "Cruel London," &c. London: John and Robert Maxwell. 1885.

Cousin Dick. By Lily Tinsley, Author of "The Wrecker's Daughter," "At the Cross-Roads," "A Woman's Revenge," &c. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1885.

A Lost Son; and The Glover's Daughter. By M. Linckill, Author of "Between the Heather and the Northern Sea." London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1885.

At Bay. A Novel. By Mrs. Alexander, Author of "The Wooring O'T," &c. London and New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 1885.

A Prince of Darkness. A Novel. By Florence Warden, Author of "A House on the Marsh," "A Dog with a Bad Name," "The Vagrant Wife," &c. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1885.

Woven in Darkness: a Medley of Stories, Essays, and Dreamwork. By W. W. Fenn, Author of "Half-hours of Blind Man's Holiday," "After Sundown; or, the Palette and the Pen," &c. 2 vols. With Frontispiece by Keeley Halswelle, A.R.S.A. London: Kelly & Co. 1885.

A Lost Son and The Glover's Daughter may safely be recommended for Sunday School libraries. They are very moral, very religious, and rather interesting. The first describes the adventures of a somewhat imbecile prodigal; while the second, which has about it a faint flicker from Emily Brontë's genius, contains the portrait of a very wicked and still more disagreeable old man. Perhaps the following quotation will sufficiently inform readers what they have to expect from *The Glover's Daughter*:—

Joel Scarth, livid with a sudden rage, breathless and tremulous, stepped toward the wide grate, and with a faltering hand threw one of the folded papers into the middle of the flames. It was his real will, the will of his heart and reason; the other, the will of his avarice and his temper, lay on the table. It was not for Reuben to stand passively by. He darted forward, quick as thought, and snatched the paper from the fire uninjured. The next moment the two men were struggling together on the floor; Reuben hardly knew how he came there, and after a brief struggle his consciousness again left him.

We do not ourselves propose to offer any criticism on this passage, but one of the author's own seems to be appropriate. "Quick as thought," she says elsewhere, "is not the best comparison that could be made; there are quicker mental processes than thinking," especially, we may add, when the thinking has to be done by the author's characters. Reuben appears to have been like his namesake, unstable as water; at least he was very easily knocked off his legs. He is the son of the amiable and virtuous Joel, and marries the Glover's Daughter, on whose account he was assaulted by his parent as aforesaid. Julian Serlcote, the lost son, is described as a weak, pleasure-loving, self-indulgent young man. He is also a knave and a fool, given to stealing, unhappy attachments, drunkenness, and maudlin tears. His crimes deserved punishment, but unfortunately his sorrows do not excite sympathy. His example will not lead the most easily-poised nature into vice. These stories are enlivened by theological allusions, which sometimes take the form of disguised conundrums. For instance:—"She had prayed, but how? As Jacob prayed at Peniel, or as the woman of Canaan prayed by the coast of Tyre and Sidon." "Explain these allusions," as they say in examination papers. The author is fond of quoting poetry, especially Mr. Browning's; but, having an imperfect notion of rhythm, she often quotes it incorrectly.

Mrs. Alexander falls rather below herself in *At Bay*. It is, however, a good specimen of a shilling novel, suitable for railway reading, or what Mrs. Alexander herself would call a *trajet*, and not trying to the intellectual powers. There is a genuine plot, which is something in these days, and the interest in Elsie's history is well kept up to the last. There is very little padding in the book, and the reader is skillfully thrown off the scent at the critical point of the story. The scene of the narrative is for the most part Paris, and the famous Monsieur Claude, Chef de la Sûreté, plays a prominent part. But he is baffled, like the reader, by the complications of the case, and the extreme astuteness of that strange and rather effective person, Captain Lambert. In fact, *At Bay* would make an excellent melodrama, and would require very little adaptation to the stage. Perhaps the catastrophe is a trifle violent, but that is not a serious objection in the circumstances. Mrs. Alexander's extreme fondness for French words and phrases sometimes leads her into excess, and occasionally her conversations bear a certain resemblance to handbooks of French dialogues for beginners. When Monsieur Claude says to his subordinate "Go round by *l'escalier de service* (back-stair) with Madame" one almost expects an inquiry after the green umbrella of the landlord's great-aunt. But it would be fortunate for the public if none of the shilling novels now being scattered over the bookstalls were worse than *At Bay*.

Since *A House on the Marsh* achieved such a remarkable success, Miss Florence Warden has been actively engaged in attempting to "repeat a stroke, and gain the sky." Her stories appear with almost bewildering rapidity of succession, and *A Prince of Darkness*, though not innocent of padding, contains horrors enough to satisfy the most rapacious appetite. Literary criticism, in the strict sense of that term, would be thrown away upon a book which is nothing if not exciting, and upon an author who proclaims almost as openly as the Fat Boy in *Pickwick* that she "wants to make your flesh creep." Miss Warden has made a mistake in deserting the shilling dreadful for the orthodox old three-decker pulpit of conservative romance. Her "sensation novels condensed" appeal to readers on whom Bret Harte's humour must seem like the flippant treatment of solemn themes. In three volumes she is driven to expand, and expansion does not suit her style of fiction. Yet *A Prince of Darkness* is undeniably clever. The secret is extremely well kept, and the discovery of the mysterious Mr. Beresford's identity deserves to rank with the unmasking of Godfrey Ablewhite at the end of Mr. Wilkie Collins's *Moonstone*. Miss Warden's contempt for the much-abused dramatic unities takes the form of a Prologue, sufficiently crowded with stirring events, and including a casual murder, but not very artistically placed, Prologue though it be, at the beginning of the story, where it somewhat gluts the appetite for further crimes ten years afterwards. In the course of this rather hurried introduction, Mme. de Breteuil, otherwise Mrs. Meredith, afterwards Mme. de Lanery, figures as the proud possessor of two husbands, to whom she subsequently adds a third. The aged but gallant General with whom she consorts during the remainder of the story is, it must be acknowledged, not her husband, notwithstanding the intimation at the end of the third volume that the desertion of Number One makes things all

right. In spite, however, of these conjugal irregularities, and of other more heinous offences, *A Prince of Darkness* is commendably free from that bad imitation of French immorality which seems to be invading English novels. To those happy readers who can forget all considerations of probability, and who are not troubled by too keen a sense of the ridiculous, *A Prince of Darkness* will be most attractive food. For their benefit we may suggest, without giving any improper clue to the mystery, that the question for them to keep always in their minds is, "Who is Mr. Beresford?" For thereby hangs the tale. Miss Warden's conception of character is very inferior to her power of constructing a plot. Mme. de Lancry is a bundle of irreconcilable qualities. Gerald Staunton and Miss Beresford, whose loves and misfortunes form the sentimental part of the narrative, are the merest Jemmy and Jessamy, without distinctive features of any kind. Louis de Breteuil is a miraculously ingenious villain, as traced or shown in the catalogue of his misdeeds. But when he appears in person it is only to say that a time will come, that he or she who crosses Louis de Breteuil's path is doomed, and so forth, as per programme in Surrey melodramas. Of Miss Warden's style a single sentence will perhaps suffice:—"So they lived ten days in uneasy domesticity; Madeline living in a fever of horrible imaginings, picturing the murder about which she dared not question him, fearing that the police might be on his track," &c. Miss Warden is not given to epigram. But "uneasy domesticity" is good.

The pathetic interest with which *Woven in Darkness* is invested, and which the title sufficiently explains, is not required to commend it to the favourable notice of the reader. Lovers of ghost stories will not easily find a richer or more varied collection of that form of fiction. Mr. Fenn's narratives, of which the best is, in our opinion, "The Night of the Great Wind," are interspersed with graceful essays on subjects which his double experience as artist and man of letters enable him to handle with delicacy and insight. But the staple of these volumes is unquestionably their supernatural element, and this is a circumstance which will probably attract a larger section of the public than it repels. A further subject of controversy will be found in the fact that most of Mr. Fenn's ghostly tales are not merely blood-curdling, but have a distinct moral. Mr. Fenn believes, or writes as if he believed, that warnings are conveyed by spectres or apparitions. "The Ghost on the Chain-pier" and "The Old Coach by the Sea" preach this doctrine quite as clearly as the very clever and striking narrative to which we have already referred. In "The Hand on the Latch" the material, not to say pecuniary, value of being able to see a ghost is very plainly demonstrated; and it must be admitted of Mr. Fenn's spectres generally that they are far more useful than all the spirits who ever rapped and all the "occult" philosophers who ever wrote bad grammar. Only in "The Marble Hands," so far as our memory serves us, does an apparition do anybody any harm, and then the person injured is already on the verge of insanity. Mr. Fenn's amiable company of supernatural influences make one wish for their existence, and there is at least no impiety in his handling of a solemn subject. The few chapters which are confined within this substantial world are quite exciting enough to prove that Mr. Fenn is not driven by lack of matter into haunted regions. "The Romance of a Lighthouse," which is romantic indeed, comprises a piece of cheap and speedy injustice which may convince the most ardent reformers that the law's delays have their advantages. Reuben Tregarvon, committed for trial by one magistrate without any evidence on a charge of murder, pleads guilty the next day, and is forthwith sentenced to death, although there is no sufficient reason to believe that the person he is accused of killing is dead at all. Mr. Fenn's opinion of lawyers appears to be very much lower than his opinion of ghosts, and he would evidently far rather trust himself in a haunted chamber than in a police-court. Mr. Fenn is usually serious. But he can be amusing enough when he likes, and his account of the unfortunate bathor who involuntarily exchanged clothes with a convict is an excellent bit of low comedy. Mr. Fenn's descriptive power is very great, and some of his vignettes of scenery are admirably sketched.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

THE strictly religious books which have come to us in this year's parcel are not of a character to call for an extended review. Two are volumes intended for the sick-room, and appear well calculated to fulfil their mission, as they are not heavy to hold and are printed in large type, while the thoughts they contain are the reverse of exciting. The late Canon Hawkins left a short series of *Sick-Bed Services*. They are founded on the Book of Common Prayer, and contain a psalm, a short lesson, and a prayer, suitable for those who from bodily weakness are unable to keep their attention long fixed. We can scarcely imagine a more useful book for parochial visiting, and, though there are many of the kind, the uncontroversial character of this one must recommend it. Why should it have such a lugubrious cover? The second of these books is Mr. Bourdillon's *Quiet Visitor*. At a very special time, when even the clergyman is excluded, such a little book, which may be read with hardly any effort, will be welcome to many. *The True Vine*, by the author of *The Schönberg-Cotta Family*, is a volume of sermons or meditations on the XV. Chapter of the Gospel of St. John, and is

very prettily printed, and, like the two books already mentioned, suitable for the use of the infirm, while the name of the Tract Committee on the title-page ensures the reader against extreme views. *Searching for the Stone*, by Mr. A. N. Malan, is a charming little volume of bright, pleasant lectures or little sermons, probably delivered before a schoolboy audience and admirably suited for such a purpose.

"Saul among the Prophets!" is the exclamation which will rise to most people's lips when they read the name of Mr. James E. Thorold Rogers, M.P., above that of the "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge" on the same title-page. The book belongs to a series called "The People's Library," and is entitled *The British Citizen: his Rights and Privileges*. Whether it is because of an effort to be brief, or of an effort to avoid shocking the feelings of the General Literature Committee of the Society, the first few chapters are in some places very obscure and in others contradictory. On one page Bada and the Chronicle are roughly brushed aside, on another they are followed servilely. The whole book is full of such expressions as "at the period" or "in ancient times," when some date should be specified, the more so as the writer ranges up and down in history from the Roman withdrawal to the French Revolution and from the Norman Conquest to the Bill of Rights. Mr. Rogers is probably as well acquainted with the social condition of England between the eleventh and fifteenth centuries as any living author; but he frequently either understates or overstates his case, and his efforts at keeping his own political opinions out of view are not always successful. Thus, on p. 66, when he speaks of the influence of the bishops on the growth of towns "shortly after the Conquest"—a very definite date for Mr. Rogers—he observes, "It is common fairness to say that they did their best to further the material interests of the town in which they dwelt." Why, under ordinary circumstances, bishops should not be treated with "common fairness" we may leave Mr. Rogers to settle with the Society. At the beginning of Chapter V. he tells us that "three strong forces in England" were constantly at variance. He names only the King and the Church. This may be only a slip; but in another place there is a much more serious oversight. Mr. Rogers seems inclined to think that the municipal institutions of the Roman towns survived the English settlement, and yet speaks of the entire extinction of Roman civilization and Roman law. It would be easy to pick out statements in this connexion which are wholly at variance with each other. Naturally, with these views, Mr. Rogers stumbles when he treats of the early history of London. "There is no date," he observes, "assignable to the liberties and self-government of London," and he goes on, as we have said, to conjecture a Roman origin for the municipality, and adds, "it was an open market with large privileges from time immemorial." As a fact—and it is a fact of which Mr. Rogers must be, or have at one time been, fully aware—the first time the London market is mentioned it is under strict regulation by a King of Kent, and is so far from being free or open that the Church as well as the Crown has a share in its revenues. These are, after all, small matters in comparison with the whole scope of the book, which, if it teaches nothing else, will teach some people that there is such a thing as over-legislation, and that the doctrines as to property and other rights which have been lately put forward by gentlemen who sit on the same side of the House of Commons as Mr. Rogers have no foundation in history.

We welcome again this year a book by Mr. Edward Hoare, *Perils of the Deep* is an account of some remarkable shipwrecks and disasters at sea during the last hundred years. He brings his notices down to the losses of the *Royal Charter*, the *Taylor*, the *Northfleet*, and others of our own day. The clear, simple style makes this an admirable book for boys. There is a map as well as a full table of contents.

Three Martyrs of the Nineteenth Century, by the author of the *Schönberg-Cotta Family*, is a well-compiled account of Livingstone, Gordon, and Patteson, three men whose lives can hardly be written too often. There is an ample list of authorities, and the clear, large type greatly adds to the pleasure of the reader. *A Hero Poet* is the life of Theodor Körner, who fell fighting the French near Schwerin in 1813, and is a very suitable book for boys of some education and culture.

Another book which does not come under the head of fiction is Mr. Theodore Wood's *Our Insect Enemies*. This would be a delightful little treatise but for the long words. Not only are scientific terms scattered over every page—these we must expect—but many other expressions which a child—and the book is evidently intended for children—will not understand. Young people are easily discouraged in the pursuit of scientific knowledge, and it is a pity to throw any needless stumbling-blocks in the way of their acquiring information. Mr. Wood has four chapters on the Aphid, or "green blight." He has one on cockchafer, another on weevils, one on moths, and so on, all subjects most fascinating to the boyish mind. With the drawback we have named, his book is extremely pleasant and interesting, and well calculated to start the young inquirer on a career of useful investigation.

We recently noticed five of the works of fiction which the Society pours forth in such profusion. A large pile is still before us, among which *Ways and Means in a Devonshire Village*, by E. Cruwys Sharland, may be singled out as less of a story than a cookery-book, and perhaps no other is calculated to do so much good or deserve so wide a circulation. It is an unpretending little volume of dialogues, intended for reading at mothers' meetings,

and would be an invaluable gift to any woman, not of the very poorest class, who wishes to feed her husband and children wholesomely with palatable food. The good people who are devising penny dinners for London children will find some hints in it which do not occur in ordinary cookery-books. Many Cornish dishes are introduced among the receipts, with minute directions. There is, unfortunately, no index.

Dust Ho; and other Pictures from Troubled Lives, by H. A. Forde and her Sisters, can scarcely be called a work of fiction any more than Mr. Sharland's volume. It contains well-written sketches of efforts made in various directions to ameliorate the condition of wrongdoers as well as helpless people. Every one must be interested in obtaining a country holiday for the poor London child. Miss Forde tells us that last year four hundred and thirty-three children were sent by train, with merely an address label and a recommendation to the guard, and only two went astray, but were easily recovered owing to the kindly feeling everywhere manifested towards the poor little waifs. We may safely advise every one who wishes to know what is being done for the poor to read this simple account, especially those who have a few pounds to spare in a good cause. A more touching appeal has seldom been issued.

A Nineteenth-Century Hero, by Laura M. Lane, relates the history of a young carpenter who persuades his fellow-workmen to join him in founding a co-operative society, which becomes a great success and saves much money to the shareholders. Of course he has to suffer reproach from the tradesmen of his town, and equally, of course, for fictional purposes, one of these tradesmen has a pretty daughter, Mary, with whom the carpenter is in love. Eventually, by preventing a run on the local bank, he saves his reluctant father-in-law and others from heavy loss, and so he wins Mary and lives happy ever after.

Carnforth and Son, by Helen Shipton, describes a young man who prides himself chiefly on being a gentleman, with gentlemanly tastes and feelings. He learns, through association with worthy and seriously-minded women, to take his proper place in the battle of life, and no longer to think exclusively of his own ease and pleasure, but of the good he may do to those around him. By the same author is a small volume, *The Last Night; and other Stories*.

A Woman of Business is by Miss Bramston. A bright clever girl, named Nettie Raymond, is adopted by her grandfather, her mother having made an objectionable second marriage, and is brought up in the lap of luxury. When she is of age she hears that her mother has been left badly off, and thinks it her duty to go to the succour of her and her second family. They have inherited a toyshop, which they are not competent to manage; and she proves herself "a woman of business," and plays "the title rôle" to such purpose that she gives life to the failing concern and a good example to the growing-up girls. There are several threads of love-making running through the story; the good people are all rewarded and the naughty people punished. A number of shorter stories by the same popular writer are issued under the title of *Toads and Diamonds*.

Bound with a Chain, by Crona Temple, has a considerable amount of power and go. It is the story of a young coalowner who goes among his men with the idea of civilizing and raising them. The characters are lifelike and interesting, especially that of a railway porter, who began life as a workhouse boy, and yet finds time for self-culture. *A Wide World* is by the same author. Here the "chain" on which the story hangs has too many links to be properly worked out in so short a space.

The Society has for some six months past published a *Child's Pictorial* magazine, a wonderful twopennyworth of light but improving literature for the nursery, illustrated in a new and delicate manner, and with a harmonious result. We are the better pleased to be able to praise these pictures as there is not a word to be said in favour of any of the numerous woodcuts in this year's books. This is a subject to which attention has been called before in our columns.

It is a melancholy pleasure to take up six *Poems of Child and Country Life*, by the lamented Mrs. Ewing. She has left behind no writer for young people who can move them so easily to laughter or tears at will. Here is a specimen from *Mother's Birthday Review*: "Brother Bill" states his case thus:—"To have a good birthday for a grown-up person is very difficult indeed. We won't give it up, for Mother says the harder things are the harder you must try till you succeed. Still, our birthdays are different; we want so many things; and choosing your own pudding, and even half-holidays, are treats. But what can you do for people who always order the dinner and never have lessons, and don't even like sweets?" *Six Everyday Fables*, by R. André, seem to us to fail in all the qualities for which Mrs. Ewing's books are so remarkable.

For the rest of the books we have received a very few lines of remark must suffice. Suitable for young servants are *Faithful*, by Annette Lyster; *A Little Place*, by Esme Stuart; and *A Bright Farthing*, by S. M. Sitwell. Good stories for a village lending library would be—*Two Ways of Looking at It*, by Austin Clare; *A Great Revenge*, by S. M. Sitwell; *Tim Yardley's Year*, by F. Scarlett Potter; and *The Mill in the Valley*, by C. E. M. A pathetic story of the life of a servant is *Broken Hearts are Still*, by Phoebe Allen. It relates the sufferings to which so many of the London poor are exposed. *Vexed; or, the Wife's Sister*, contains in a narrative form the arguments against marrying that relative. The writer does not make the most of her case. *The Oliver Children*, by Mary Davison, is supposed to be told

by the eldest of seven; it would suit a sick child, as it is not exciting. *The Last Hope*, by Esme Stuart, is an historical novel of 1793. We have also received *Nimrod Nunn; Foolish Dora; Dandy; Goetz Jäger's Son*, and *Daddy's Right Hand*—the story of a little girl who loses her mother, and tries to supply her place in the family. The frontispiece is startling, but need not deter the reader.

RECENT MUSIC.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, & Co. have sent us the pianoforte arrangements of the works which have recently been performed at the Birmingham Festival—namely, Gounod's *Mors et Vita*, arranged from the orchestral score by Mr. O. B. Brown, of Boston; Dvorák's *Spectre Bride*, arranged by Herr Heinrich von Káan; Mr. F. H. Cowen's *Sleeping Beauty*; Mr. T. Anderton's *Yule Tide*; and Dr. J. F. Bridge's "Rock of Ages." The two orchestral novelties for the same Festival, Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's "Concerto for the Violin," and Mr. E. Prout's "Symphony in F Major," are also issued by the same publishers, the Symphony being arranged as a pianoforte duet. We have so recently noticed these works, that it is not necessary at present to do more than record their publication as pianoforte arrangements. In "The Song of Balder" (Novello, Ewer, & Co.), Mr. C. Harford Lloyd has taken as his subject the legend of Balder, the God of Light, who was slain by Höder, the God of Darkness, and rises again to gladden the world with his presence, which is the ancient Scandinavian mode of accounting for the ordinary phenomenon of the succession of day and night. The words, by Mr. F. E. Weatherley, are comprised in two six-lined stanzas, and contain little more matter than would suffice for an ordinary song of the drawing-room ballad style; but the composer has very skilfully utilized them as a soprano solo, accompanied by a chorus, extending to forty-four pages of the octavo edition. If we do not credit Mr. Lloyd with any striking originality in this work, we may say that it is nevertheless an artistic production, which we do not doubt will find many admirers, and which should even in these days of novelties be welcomed by the numerous choral associations in existence as a graceful and pleasing addition to their répertoires. The work was written by request for the Hereford Triennial Musical Festival of this year.

From Mr. Edwin Ashdown we have received the following pianoforte pieces:—"Douze Pièces pour Piano," by Mr. G. Flaxland, being a collection of short original pieces of much merit; very melodious and artistic productions. They are not of any great difficulty for performance, and may be recommended as the work of a sound musician. Mr. Kuhe's transcription of Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's well-known song, "May Dew," is one of the best that we have lately seen from the hand of this popular writer; and the "Barcarolle," from the same master's Fourth Concerto, arranged for the organ by Mr. Edwin M. Lott, of St. Sepulchre's, will be welcomed as a careful and effective setting of a movement of great beauty. Mr. Walter Macfarren's *Caprice in G Major* is a brilliant morceau calculated to find many admirers amongst amateurs. Three pieces by M. Polydore de Vos, marked Opus 87, 88, and 89 (though why a six-page piece should be dignified as an opus has always somewhat puzzled us), are pleasing enough as trifles, and prove the composer to be an excellent craftsman in the production of such ware. Their names, which alone would appear sufficient to distinguish them without a separate opus number, are "Impromptu Hongrois," "L'Espérance," and "Marche Arabe." There are some composers who would rather be known for "opera multa" than for "opus magnum." A sacred song for a contralto voice, by Mr. Arthur Page, entitled "The Lord is nigh," is a highly meritorious production, and makes us wish to see the complete setting of the psalm from which this is an excerpt.

A Pianoforte Sonata by Mr. W. H. Hadow, and published by Messrs. Augener & Co., is a work which deserves commendation, not only as the earnest work of an artist, but as a production of a high class. The sonata is divided into four movements—allegro, andante, allegro moderato (Polonaise), and a final allegro con brio—of which the first movement, which is perhaps a little too long, is a sound piece of work, whilst the andante, marked with the somewhat unusual time signature $\frac{3}{4}$, is very graceful, and the Polonaise full of spirit. The whole is the work of a cultivated musician, and in parts gives evidence of originality and much earnestness of purpose.

Of five songs from Messrs. W. Morley & Co., Mr. Berthold Tours's "Pilgrim Lane" is a pretty, sentimental story of an organ-grinding boy, set to appropriate music; Signor Ciro Pinsuti's "Someone's Sweetheart," a delicate song in the popular composer's best style; "Fairy Tales," by Mr. A. H. Behrend; "The Little Model," by Miss E. Phillips; and "I'd Mourn the Hopes," all effective ballads of the drawing-room style. Morley's *Organ Journal*, No. 11, consists of a "Pastorale," by Mr. Humphrey J. Stark, which, like all the work that comes from his hand, is marked with originality and masterly treatment.

A charming little song, by Miss Alice Millais, "Oh, si vous saviez," and "Two Roses and a Lily," by Lord Henry Somerset, have been sent to us by Messrs. Hollis & Co., as well as "My love is passing fair," by Miss Celia C. Vaughan, and "Si l'on veut savoir," by Miss Phoebe Otway, both of which are well above the average of modern drawing-room songs. Mrs. Lyndoch Moncrief's "Love's Power" is a graceful song in waltz measure; "Out in the Morning early," by Miss Lindsay, is a pretty song of

the style in which this composer long ago made a name for herself; and "What's Love," by Mr. R. W. P. Lodwick, is a song in which the composer endeavours to answer the question, somewhat cynically perhaps, but to a very graceful melody. Mr. Michael Watson's "Cushion Dance" pleases with its quaint rhythm and old-world style, and Mr. Theo. Bonheur's "Très-drôle" Polka is a good piece of dance music. The above works are published by Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co. "Sweet Mother dear," by Mr. Claude Melville (Messrs. Reid Bros. & Co.), is an effective ballad, and "Eudora" is a pretty Mazurka by Signor Ciro Fasoli.

M. Ch. Gounod's setting of Bishop Ken's Evening Hymn, "Glory to Thee, my God, this night" (Messrs. Phillips & Page), is hardly successful. It may be that the words inevitably call to mind the music that we are accustomed to associate with them, or it may be that we resent the additional verse which has been deemed necessary in this case, and which we are informed in a foot-note is "copyright." This copyright verse stands out at the end of the old Bishop's Hymn protesting as loudly as it can that it is none of his writing, and we feel sure that no one will ever wish to infringe the copyright for the sake of the beauty of the lines. A very effective song by Mr. Leigh Kingsmill, from the same publishers, is "Constant Still," exhibiting considerable dramatic power in the composer. From Messrs. E. Ascherberger & Co. we have a very telling song by M. Henri Loge, entitled "Out of the Mist," and a spritely *morceau caractéristique* by the same composer, called "Tripping," while the "Silver Shield" Waltz by Miss Popsie Rowe is excellent dance music. A graceful ballad by Mr. Seymour Smith, "Blue-eyed Beauty," and "La Japonaise" Gavotte, by M. Edward Jakobowski, which has a certain quaintness meant, we suppose, to imitate Japanese music, are sent by Messrs. Wood & Co.

Mr. W. Dawson, the organist of Hope Street Church, Liverpool, has sent us an "Adagio in D Major" for the organ, which, we think, will repay study, and shows that the composer is a painstaking musician and a conscientious worker.

There is no end to the tricks of the advertiser, and, we may add, there seems to be no end to his calm assurance. Without giving names, we may acknowledge the receipt of a song from a Limited Liability Company, which seeks to advertise its special ware by this means. As for the words and the music, there is neither wit in the one nor originality in the other.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE have more than once explained the constitution of at least the later volumes of M. de Pontmartin's *Souvenirs d'un vieux critique* (1). At first they were real souvenirs; now they are little—in the present case nothing—more than collections of the author's literary articles during the few months before their appearance. Thus the present book contains little but notices of current literature, most, if not all, of which we have already introduced to readers of the *Saturday Review*. M. de Broglie's *Frédéric et Louis XV*, M. Simon's *Académie sous le Directoire*, Guizot's *Domestic Correspondence*, Paul de Saint-Victor's book on Victor Hugo, M. Richepin's *Blasphèmes*, M. Sarcey's *Reminiscences*, M. Paul Bourget's *Cruel énigme*, are some of the works treated. Almost the only article of a higher kind reaching the level of the *causerie* proper is an obituary notice on the late M. About, rather severe, as might be expected, considering the subject and the author, but full of acuteness, and certainly not less full of justice, if the justice is rather untempered with mercy. The remaining papers are a little occasional, and though it cannot be said that they show marks of age in the sense of being feeble, it may perhaps be said that they sometimes show a desultoriness and a reluctance to grapple hardly with a complete theme which M. de Pontmartin would not have shown a few years ago. The most interesting, perhaps, is that dealing with the two Victorians—the Saint and the Hugo. M. de Pontmartin's prejudices as an old Romantic clash not uninterestingly with his prejudices as a Royalist and a Clerical, and out of the clash are struck some agreeable flashes of thought and criticism. It is difficult to think that, one-sided and acrimonious as he has too often shown himself, M. de Pontmartin is a head and shoulders above most of the younger generation of French critics.

M. Paul de Musset's *En voiturin* (2) is not a new book. But its first and, as far as we know, its only previous appearance took place exactly forty years ago, since which much water has gone below the bridges and some generations of readers have passed out of the ascertained sphere of circulating libraries. Also, even the name of "the lesser Ajax" is dear, if only because of his valiant defence and faithful cherishing of the greater. Therefore we commend to a fresh audience M. de Musset's *vetturino* experiences of Italian and Sicilian travelling nearly half a century ago. They are, for the most part, told simply and well, without any affectation either of sentimental journeying or of the still more terrible manner of the *voyage humoristique*.

We are glad to see and to make known a new edition of M. Lorédan Larchey's interesting *Cahiers du Capitaine Coignet* (3).

(1) *Souvenirs d'un vieux critique*. Sixième série. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(2) *En voiturin*. Par Paul de Musset. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(3) *Les cahiers du Capitaine Coignet*. Par Lorédan Larchey. Nouvelle édition. Paris: Hachette.

Les soirées de la Baronne (4) has at least one thing that is interesting about it, and that is a preface by M. Georges Ohnet. Any critical remarks made by the possessor of such a bewilderingly unfounded popularity as M. Ohnet's must be read with some eagerness. As it is nearly impossible to discover any reason for M. Ohnet's hundreds of editions in what he writes himself, it may seem a valuable chance to have the opportunity of seeing what he thinks of what others write. It appears, then, that, according to M. Ohnet, the tales of M. Eugène Guyon are "charmantes nouvelles," presenting "des types d'exception," showing "un réalisme à la fois vigoureux et délicat," "une grande souplesse de talent," and so forth. Now if (which we own has been our case) the reader on turning to the tales themselves finds nothing but commonplace in style, situations which might have been made striking but which are only forced, a remarkable absence of knack in dialogue, and some other peculiarities (or wants of peculiarity, for in truth the things are common enough), he will not, if he is wise, be angry with M. Guyon. He will not even be angry with M. Ohnet, or suspect him of insincerity. On the contrary, he will begin to see how it is that people like M. Guyon like a person like M. Ohnet, when he sees how a person like M. Ohnet likes people like M. Guyon. M. Alain Bauquenne writes a little too much, and might sometimes take better models; but his work generally shows power, and *Amours Cocasses* (5) is not an exception to the rule. But we do not know that as a specimen of "modernity" it altogether compares favourably with *Le médecin des dames* (6), which is partly in matter and wholly in manner the work of twenty years ago—the merry heyday of M. Gustave Droz and the *Vie Parisienne*. Yet M. Bauquenne is decidedly *un homme plus fort que M. Joliet*. Which things whoso readeth may understand without any very great or superhuman difficulty if he takes the trouble. M. Joliet's contemporaries had not quite forgotten that at least part of the duty of what some Americans call the fictionist is to amuse. Too many of M. Bauquenne's have. *Jeanne Arthon* (7) is a book partly of violent and to us not very interesting crimes, partly of bathing and lawn-tennis. Of *M. le Préfet* (8) we will not say much more than that the increasing abundance of prefects in the French novel probably corresponds with the short life of Republican administrations.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE historical novel is a little out of favour just now, possibly by reason of the severe competition of more stimulating forms of fiction, and possibly because the last generation was surfeited with imitations of Scott. Of two foreign specimens before us it must be admitted it were strange if they found no readers in England. Mme. Cottin's *Matilda: a Romance of the Crusades*, translated by Mrs. Raum (Trübner & Co.), is a type of the old-fashioned historical romance. Less widely known than the author's *Elizabeth; or, the Exiles of Siberia*, it deserves on many grounds to be as widely read by the young and by all who preserve the happy tastes of youth. Very different from Mme. Cottin's method is the presentment of history in Conrad Ferdinand Meyer's *Thomas à Becket*, translated by M. von Wendheim (Leipzig: Haessel). The conventional opening of the story, which is quite in the vein of G. P. R. James, little prepares the reader for the serious and painstaking studies of the King and Becket, which the narrator gradually unveils. No English novel-reader will accept the book as a novel; it is a little laboured in style, and the translator here and there has Englished the original idiom too literally.

As in literature so in music there has been of late a great movement towards meeting the wants of children. *Carols of Cradleland*, by Leonhard Emil Bach (Novello & Co.), are six pretty songs, more or less simple in character and delightful in melody, tastefully illustrated by Mr. E. F. Manning, and forming an elegant gift-book. Mr. Horace Lennard has supplied Herr Bach with appropriate lyrics. Several of the songs—particularly No. 1, and the beautiful composition "Little Blue Eyes" (No. 3)—are quite as well adapted to be sung to a concert audience as to be taught to children.

Many as are the systems advocated for the training of children's voices, there cannot be much doubt as to the material designed to attract infants. Elementary requirements are well met by Mrs. Cary Brock's *Song-Book for Infants* (National Society's Depository), the music by M. A. Sidebotham, the words by Julia Goddard. To many of the songs are appended directions for pantomimic gestures, by which the teacher suits the action to the words for the pupils' imitation. The result, if carried out by a well-drilled class, must be somewhat droll.

The archæologist has a natural though fearful interest in the iconoclast, and will not deem necessary the apology of the Rev. C. H. Evelyn White for a new edition of the *Journal of William Dowling* (Ipswich: Pawsey & Hayes). Apart from the increasing scarcity of previous editions, the Editor's introduction and notes render the reprint the more acceptable.

(4) *Les soirées de la Baronne*. Par E. Guyon. Paris: Ollendorff.

(5) *Amours Cocasses*. Par Alain Bauquenne. Paris: Ollendorff.

(6) *Le médecin des dames*. Par Ch. Joliet. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(7) *Jeanne Arthon*. Par C. Tranioe. Paris: Ollendorff.

(8) *Monsieur le Préfet*. Par G. Maurens. Paris: Ollendorff.

Enthusiasm is an admirable quality in the writer of religious poetry, and is a valuable sustaining force when the poem is as lengthy and the metre as wearisome as in the case of Dr. Taylor's *Elijah the Reformer* (New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls). This poem, which the author strangely calls an "epic-ballad," is a metrical version of Biblical narrative, amplified by a warm poetic fancy; it contains not a few spirited passages, though the author's skill fails him at times in controlling his metre. The iambic septimeters bear him away in breathless fashion, as when he exclaims:—

Ah, Earth can cool her fiery rage, when heaven's sweet showers descend,
And godless man, e'en from a throne, before God's voice can bend;
But O, what power shall tame the mad, unreasoning frantic tide
Of woman's passion, vanity, ambition, foiled, defied!

Sportsmen—not "shooters," as "Pathfinder" discriminates—and all lovers of dogs will welcome the second and enlarged edition of *Breaking and Training Dogs*, by "Pathfinder" and Hugh Dalziel (L. Upcott Gill). Every one has not the time or the talent to train his dog, and purchases him only half-trained, or perhaps in a worse plight, while for many dog-training involves trials more severe than self-training. Others there are who know something of the educational pleasures; for such the counsels and experience of "Pathfinder" and Mr. Dalziel will be of excellent service.

In a recent notice of the new edition of Mr. George Meredith's novels we welcomed the opportunity it afforded the general public of enjoying works of peculiar distinction and individuality which unhappily have till now been beyond their reach. *Evan Harrington* (Chapman & Hall), the latest volume of the re-issue, should command a very wide circle of readers. The readers of Thackeray's masterpiece may assuredly delight in this charming comedy, and discreetly avoid the temptation that inveigles the rough reader and the rash into comparing Becky Sharp and the Countess.

Hymns of the Present Century, translated from the German by the Rev. John Kelly (Religious Tract Society), is a small selection of no marked character, though it seems to prove that in Germany, as in England, the art of hymn-writing has woefully declined.

Messrs. Griffith, Farran, & Co. forward two tiny selections of extracts, *Gems worth Setting* and *A Walk through God's Acre*, the former written or collected by Ellen Gubbins, the latter composed of Biblical texts. In several instances the "Gems" are scarcely worth the setting.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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Dublin Castle: October 3, 1885.

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